



Modern American Religion

Volume 1: The Irony Of It All, 1893-1919

MARTIN E. MARTY

This book begins Marty's four-volume chronicle which offers the first comprehensive history of twentieth-century religion in America.

£22.25 Cloth 398pp 0-226-50893-5

The Moro Morality Play

Terrorism as Social Drama

ROBIN ERICA WAGNER-PACIFICI

Wagner-Pacifici provides a dramatic analysis of the kidnapping and assassination of Aldo Moro by the Red Brigades as a method for discussing the culture of politics in Italy.

£39.95 Cloth 332pp 0-226-86983-0
£13.25 Paper 0-226-86984-9

Phonetic Symbol Guide

GEOFFREY K. PULLUM & WILLIAM A. LADUSAW

The first book of its kind, Phonetic Symbol Guide is in effect an encyclopedia of human speech.

£31.25 Cloth 368pp 0-226-68531-4

Evolution

Selected Papers
SEWALL WRIGHT

All of Sewall Wright's published papers on evolution up to 1950, and a few published later, are gathered in this volume.

£62.25 Cloth 656pp 0-226-91053-9

Economic Adjustments and Exchange Rates in Developing Countries

EDITED BY SEBASTIAN EDWARD & LIAQUAT AHAMED

This new NBER volume uses rigorous models to tackle various exchange rate issues and illuminates policy implications that arise.

£47.25 Cloth 384pp 0-226-18469-2

Macroeconomics

A Neoclassical Introduction
MERTON H. MILLER & CHARLES W. UPTON

This book has become for many an indispensable text for the teaching of macroeconomics, valued for its monetarist approach and for its lucid use of computer-simulated models.

£31.25 Paper 396pp 0-226-52623-2

The Times Literary Supplement

February 6 1987 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BN

Contents

AMERICAN LITERATURE 127-8, ART 133, CHILDREN'S BOOKS 145, FICTION 134-5, HISTORY 143, LITERATURE 140-41, MODERN HISTORY 142, NATURAL SCIENCES 144, PHILOSOPHY 131-2, POLITICS 129-30

- THOM GUNN Marianne Moore: *The Complete Prose*
Taffy Martin: *Marianne Moore - Subversive Modernist* 127-8
John M. Slatin: *The Savage's Romance - The poetry of Marianne Moore* 127-8
Bruce Bawer: *The Middle Generation - The lives and poetry of Debra Schwartz, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman and Robert Lowell* 128
Sewaryn Bialer: *The Soviet Paradox - External expansion; internal decline*
Martin Walker: *The Waking Giant - Soviet Union under Gorbachev* 129
Richard Owen: *Crisis in the Kremlin - Soviet succession and the rise of Gorbachev* 130
Ben Pimlott (Editor): *The Political Diary of Hugh Dalton, 1918-40, 1945-60* 130
C. H. Rolph: *Further Particulars - Consequences of an Edwardian boyhood* 131
Patricia Smith Churchland: *Neurophilosophy - Toward a unified science of the mind/brain* 131-2
Augusta in the Offices (poem) 131
Gilbert Harman: *Change in View - Principles of reasoning* 132
Edo Pivčević: *The Concept of Reality* 132
Richard Cork: *David Bomberg* 133
Evelyn Silber: *The Sculpture of Epstein - With complete catalogue* 133
Philip K. Dick: *Humpty Dumpty in Oakland* 134
Greg Bear: *Eon* 134
Mark Frankland: *Richard Robertovich* 134
Ernest Hemingway: *The Garden of Eden* 135
Leonardo Sciascia: *Sicilian Uncles - Four novellas* 135
American notes 136
The periodicals: *Granta* 136
Letters on The Conquest of Peru, 'Conspiracy of Silence', Plus XII and the Serbs, etc 137
Author, Author 137
- Commentary
Pierre Cornille: *The Cid* (Donmar Warehouse) 138
John Cecil Holm and George Abbott: *Three Men on a Horse* (Cottesloe Theatre) 138
Johann Wolfgang Goethe: *Faust, Part One* (Young Vic Studio) 138
Michael Palin: *East of Ipswich* (BBC2) 138
Soope and After: *The Architecture of Dulwich Picture Gallery* (Dulwich Picture Gallery) 139
British Art in the Twentieth Century (Royal Academy)
Frances Spalding: *British Art Since 1900* 139
- DAVID ROBEY
A. J. MINNIS
BRIDGET MORRIS
STEPHEN BANN
VIRGIL NEMOIANU
SUNIL KHLINANI
- T. RAYCHAUDHURI
MARTIN CEADEL
BARRY COWARD
CLAIRE CROSS
MARK GOLDIE
KENNETH DOVER
JOHN A. C. GREPPIN
MARK RIDLEY
JOANNA MOTION
ELIZABETH BARRY
MARION LOMAX
- Geoffrey Holmes: *Politics, Religion and Society in England, 1679-1742* 143
Malcolm Davies and Jeanyancy Kathirithamby: *Greek Insects* 144
Patrick F. Houlihan with Steven H. Goodman: *The Birds of Ancient Egypt* 144
Christopher O'Toole (Editor): *The Encyclopedia of Insects* 144
James Aldridge: *The True Story of Spt MacPhee* 145
Allan Ballie: *Riverman* 145
Rhodri Jones (Editor): *A Fine Mess You've Got Us Into!*
Susan Gregory: *Kill-a-Louse Week and other stories* 145
TLS Listings 146-7
Among this week's contributors 147
Index of books reviewed 147
- Cover picture Jacob Epstein's "Dovbs", 1914-15, is reproduced from *British Art in the Twentieth Century* edited by Susan Compton (457pp. Munich: Prestel, distributed in the UK by Lund Humphries, £38. 3 7913 0798 3), the catalogue to the current exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts, which is reviewed on page 139.

Observations of the octopus-mountain

Thom Gunn

MARIANNE MOORE
The Complete Prose
Edited by Patricia C. Willis
724pp. Faber. £30.
0571 147887

TAFFY MARTIN
Marianne Moore: Subversive modernist
151pp. Austin, TX: University of Texas Press.
\$16.95.
0292 738196
JOHN M. SLATIN
The Savage's Romance: The poetry of Marianne Moore
282pp. University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State University Press. \$24.50.
0271 004258

It was obvious from the first that Marianne Moore's poetry had charm. What becomes steadily more apparent is that it has also the kind of scope and power that set it beside that of contemporaries like Stevens, Eliot and Pound.

Like them she wrote about poetry in her poetry, perhaps even more than they did. For where Stevens wrote about the imagination, Pound about the work in progress, Eliot about the struggle with language, she wrote about all three, and also about the nature of reading ("Literature is a phase of life", begins "Picking and Choosing"), about criticism (the critic as connoisseur, the critic as steamroller) and above all about the attitude of mind that makes composition possible. But she is famous too for the simultaneous gusto and exactness with which she presented the things of the world: animals, places, artefacts, people. Imagism was, for all her contemporaries, as A. Walton Litz has noted while speaking of Stevens, a stage of their apprenticeship, and it was for her too, though she never owned that it was, for she seems to have felt uneasy with the subject. Certainly for concision and vividness of imagery not even William Carlos Williams could approach her. In her poem "New York", choosing to speak of one aspect of that city - as the centre of the fur trade - she evokes the look of different kinds of fur with a sensory sharpness - to make the reader gasp. She shows us a Manhattan

starred with topes of ermine and peopled with foxes, the long guard-hairs waving two inches beyond the body of the pelt;

the ground dotted with deer-skins - white with white spots, "as satin needlework in a single colour may carry a varied pattern", and wilting eagle's-down compacted by the wind; and picardels of beaver-skin; white ones alert with snow.

(Picardels were apparently small river-barges.) The compressed activity in the detail about the guard-hairs and in such words as "compacted" and "alert" has a kind of poignancy that takes them beyond simple accuracy and vividness. Her delight in the physical aspect is bounded by the awareness that the potency still apparent in the pelt should be sacrificed to the commercial demands of humans. It is delight, nevertheless - she pictures here a scene of great beauty and not a slaughterhouse. But she will not abandon herself to the details in themselves. Later in the same poem, speaking about ancient New York as an island of forested wilderness, she cautions that it is necessary to stay outside, "since to go in is to be lost"; that is, to lose your powers of discrimination. She ends by saying that what attracts her about New York, whether in past or present, "is not the plunder, / but 'accessibility to experience'".

To enter the wilderness of specifics is to encounter the great danger of Imagism, where the subject of any one Imagist poem is as important as that of any other: they are all important and somehow equivalent, the station of the Métro the same as the oread. She loves those specifics, but they are not enough in themselves. The poet may emerge with plunder, and here perhaps she thinks of the other great poet of Manhattan, Walt Whitman, for whom she apparently felt much distaste: what did somebody like him give us but plunder, she seems to ask, the indefatigable lists with which so many of his poems are crowded? No, for all her wide appreciation of the physical world of, say, New York, it is more than the specifics, the furs, the facts, the bustle in the street, the incident and variety of a huge city that attracts her, it is "accessibility to experience". The

probably her greatest admiration; and accessibility is for her, as for James, the great value, the proof of the consciousness that is fully alive, and finally worth more than the succession of experiences to which it is the doorway. She is not, then, like Whitman as he wanted to be, the poet of mass-acceptance (though he is more than that); she is the poet of the door which is opened discriminately. For all the gusto of her acceptances, she makes plenty of

rejections: she can be thoroughly unkind about the "pedantic literalist", about the young dilettanti who "write the sort of thing that would in their judgment interest a lady", or about the ugly elaboration of the giant pinecone with holes for the water to spurt from, carved and put up by the Romans as a fountain. Accessibility is a door that may be closed when necessary. Thus her gusto is sharply defined by the discriminations to be made. She does not exclude her vivid intelligence from access to her vivid imagery, and - certainly until the late 1930s - each ignites the other, to produce a poetry radiant yet complex, informal yet splendid.

Throughout her long career Marianne Moore also wrote occasional prose - in a



quantity that many of her later-born admirers have never dreamed of. It is here collected in *The Complete Prose*, a handsome yet formidable book of some seven hundred pages. It starts with short stories resurrected in all their responses to questionnaires, and other forms of opinionatedness from that old age in which Marianne Moore had become a media myth, rather like Grandma Moses, and in which oddity was an expected reflex. Between these extremes comes all the material of interest, divided by the editor, Patricia C. Willis, into the Dial years - the period in the 1920s in which she wrote for and edited the Dial, one of the

seminal literary magazines of the century - and the "Middle" and "Later" years. The kinds of prose are various, and include, besides those already mentioned, film reviews, obituaries, idiosyncratic articles on everything from knives to baseball, editorials for the Dial on subjects of topical interest, single-paragraph reviews of books received by the Dial, and lectures to university audiences; but the greater part consists of reviews and essays dealing with recent literature.

It will surprise no reader of her poetry that the prose too is dotted with epigrams. At times she can be very funny, as when she says that in Charles Cotton's poems we may find, "as Coleridge says, 'the milder muse' - even the mindless muse"; or, of new novels in 1926, "We have, and in most cases it amounts to not having them, novels about discontented youth, unadvantaged middle age, American materialism." However, what she does supremely well is to go straight to the heart of a writer's activity in a single sentence, or sometimes in a single word. Thus, she points to the feeling behind the poetry of William Carlos Williams as "considerate"; she speaks of Mina Loy's use of words as "sliced and cylindrical"; she calls *Esther Waters* "wolf-lean". Of Emily Dickinson, she says: "She understood the sudden experience of unvaluable leisure by which death is able to make one 'homeless at home'." It would be easy to compile pages of her memorable apophthegms, about H. D., Samuel Johnson, Whistler, Henry James, Gertrude Stein, etc, but I will add only this one, describing the contents of the *Cantos* as "arranged in the style of the grasshopper-wing for contrast, half the fold against the other half, the rarefied effect against a grayer one". This surely exemplifies one of her great talents, that of translating physical observation into intellectual observation, and vice versa. Her comment sums up both the technique of the *Cantos* and the purpose of that technique with an admirable accuracy and compression. It is sentences like this that make you recollect that for the grasshopper-wing exist side by side in the same part of her mind, and reference between the two of them is a matter of course.

After all this, it is disappointing to report that she is usually a brilliant critic only in short passages: her command over the whole essay is a different matter. If the 1934 essay on Williams shows her at her best, her most cogent and connected, then the 1931 essay on

CAMBRIDGE



American Vision

The Films of Frank Capra
RAYMOND CARNEY

In this study, Professor Carney provides a new analysis of the career and work of film director Frank Capra. The director's films are located within a larger tradition of post-Romantic expression, within a broad cultural context and within the framework of Capra's own development. Thus, the book is as much an exploration of the American imagination as it is a study of a single director's work.

240 pp. 0 521 32619 2 £20.00 net

Beethoven's Critics

Aesthetic Dilemmas and Resolutions during the Composer's Lifetime
ROBIN WALLACE

This book provides a carefully documented study of Beethoven's critical reception in the major musical journals of his day. The author discusses the philosophical and analytical implications of these reviews and offers a re-evaluation of Beethoven's oeuvre and its significance in music history.

192 pp. 0 521 30662 0 £22.50 net

Chopin: Pianist and Teacher

As Seen by his Pupils
JEAN-JACQUES EIGELDINGER
Translated by KRYSIA OSOSTOWICZ with NAOMI SHOHET and ROY HOWAT
Edited by ROY HOWAT

This unique collection of documents reveals Chopin as teacher and interpreter. From the accounts of his pupils and contemporaries, together with his own writing, we gain valuable insights into Chopin's pianistic and stylistic practice, his teaching methods and his aesthetic beliefs.

340 pp. 0 521 24159 6 £40.00 net

Sur

A Study of the Argentine Literary Journal and its Role in the Development of a Culture, 1931-1970
JOHN KING

This book tells the story of *Sur*, Argentina's foremost literary and cultural journal of the twentieth century. Dr King examines the journal's roots, its development, and its demise, relating it to other journals circulating at the time, and highlighting vital issues debated in its pages.

240 pp. 0 521 26849 4 £27.50 net

Cambridge Iberian and Latin American Studies

The British Economy since 1700

A Macroeconomic Perspective
C. H. LEE

A comprehensive and rigorous study of the development of the British economy from the early 18th century to the present. It surveys and synthesises the recent literature on the origins of the growth of the economy and its current problems, and challenges the conventional view that sees an industrial revolution as the starting point of Britain's modern economic growth.

306 pp. 0 521 32973 6 Hard covers £28.00 net

0 521 33861 1 Paperback £8.95 net

The Fisherman's Problem

Ecology and Law in the California Fisheries, 1850-1980

ARTHUR F. McEVROY

A study of the interaction between resource ecology, economic enterprise, and law in the history of the California fishing industry. It develops a new perspective on environmental problems as contemporary observers understood them and tried to deal with them, and concludes with an analysis of significant changes in the politics and theory of resource management taking place in the 1970s and 1980s.

385 pp. 0 521 32427 0 £35.00 net

Science and Civilisation in China

Volume 5, Part 7: Military Technology:
The Gunpowder Epic
JOSEPH NEEDHAM

This volume, one of three planned on military technology, shows how the discovery of gunpowder in China in the 9th century AD, and its rapid applications within the Chinese cultural area, took place long before the knowledge of gunpowder spread to Europe in the 13th century.

736 pp. 0 521 30358 3 £50.00 net

Cambridge University Press
The Edinburgh Building, Shaftesbury Road, Cambridge CB2 2RU, England

Pound (not the one with the grasshopper, but another), which she chose to reprint in book form twice, is more characteristic of her mature critical writing – and of that writing, I suspect, as she wanted it to be. The structure here bears a not fortuitous resemblance to that of her poems, as Taffy Martin points out in her *Marianne Moore: Subversive modernist*, and Ms Martin goes on to suggest, with a good deal of plausibility, that in some of her reviews – of Stein, of Pound, of Cummings – she was moreover indulging in a kind of conceit by imitating the form of the work she is discussing, as it were “quoting” their style for her own purposes. The Pound essay, in any case, consists of a kind of scrap-book of favourite quotations interspersed by her own comments, with a minimum of connectives. (The connectives that are implied are associative, as in Pound’s poetry and some of her own.) The structure of the whole is hard to make out, and indeed the piece makes exhausting reading, as much for one familiar with the first thirty *Cantos* as for one new to them (it was written as a review, after all). She does not seem to have been unhappy about the rambling nature of much of her prose. Certainly I do not detect regret in her remark of 1951: “my observations cannot be regularized”.

I take an extreme example; there is much straightforward and practical reviewing elsewhere. The best of the book is in the essays written between about 1920 and 1937, after which the prose falls off in much the same way as the poetry does. There are still some good things to be found, notably an obituary of Wallace Stevens, but somehow in these later years the mind behind it all is less discerning and less lively. Perhaps it was unfortunate that she should have been accepted so completely into the literary establishment towards which she had at first been defiant. Now she melted into it altogether too easily, accepting standard judgments (about the most hackneyed lines of *de la Mare*, for instance), and in a magazine

Though there is an obvious continuity between her prose and her poetry, it does not follow that her prose is as much worth reading as her poetry. Sharp as her critical mind was at its best, this immense book does not constitute the same kind of discovery for me that thirty-five pages of criticism by Basil Bunting did a few years ago. Bunting had her perceptiveness, but he also chose to keep control over the form of the essay (his observations are “regularized”) and he says more, finally, about Pound and Eliot in a very few pages than Moore does in the course of her many articles and reviews to do with them. *The Complete Prose of Marianne Moore*, then, is not a book I would recommend to a reader to slog through systematically; rather it would make a good bedside book, where it might last you for years.

To speak so is to make, as we used to say, a limiting judgment, and grateful as I am for the appearance of this book, I shall be far more so for the publication of her complete poetry, which has not yet occurred. The volume in print called the *Complete Poems* (305pp, Faber, paperback, £3.95, 0 571 13306 1) is really a severe selection, in which Moore favoured the products of her old age and discriminated against the achievement of her youth by omitting such magnificent poems as “Roses Only”, “Dock Rats” and “Dark Earth”. The matter is complicated by the fact that the revised constantly, nervously and at times ruthlessly, now for the better and now for the worse. I suppose that eventually there will be a variorum edition, but it will be unreadable: what I would like to see, and as soon as possible, is an omnibus edition of all her books of poetry, restoring not only the omissions but also all the revised versions of individual poems (for example, “Poetry” in all its five versions – or is it six?) Then we shall have, returned to circulation, some powerful poetry which is at present unavailable.

It is not always easy to put your finger on what constitutes its power. She called her first authorized collection *Observations* (possibly taking a hint from Eliot’s title *Prufrock and Other Observations*), and clearly the word is still an important one for her in 1951, meaning as it does both “perceptions” and “comments”. The comment, as I have already implied, in some manner derives from the perception, and

often amounts to an epigram, a *sententia*. Thus in the middle of the poem to the snail we read, “Contractility is a virtue / as modesty is a virtue”. But the derivation is not always so straightforward, for if she is on the one hand attracted to the condensed wisdom of the maxim she is also attracted to the “beautiful element of unreason”. Her poetry fascinates, but its plain sense is often harder to arrive at than those traditional-looking summings-up would seem to indicate, and we continue wondering about it, annotating, considering, memorizing, searching out its obscure corners, because it still fascinates even when it bewilders us. What looks like a *sententia* doesn’t usually clinch a poem as we expect it to – as it would have, for example, an Elizabethan poem. Most readers must have been struck by the fact that it is difficult to relate every detail clearly to every other, not only in a long and complex poem like “Marriage” but even in some of the early short poems. You feel that each word is properly there, but you can’t quite fit it all together. There is a slight, mysterious and unsettling discontinuity.

Both Taffy Martin and John M. Slatin react to such difficulties with pleasure. Their pleasure dissociates them from “New Critics” such as R. P. Blackmur and Morton Dauwen Zabel, between whom and themselves they wish to put as much distance as possible. About a fifth of Ms Martin’s book deals with Moore’s prose. She makes a large claim for the importance of her four-year editorship of the *Dial*: that by her actual arrangement of the contributions in the magazine and also by the variety in subject-matter of her monthly editorials she was trying to demonstrate by example the fragmentation of both America and modernism. I am not really convinced: in the arrangement of the items, Moore may have been simply trying to make lively contrasts, as many other editors do; and she surely wrote an editorial about whatever interested her in that particular month. After all, we know that her mind had de la Mare, for instance, and in a magazine

Though there is an obvious continuity between her prose and her poetry, it does not follow that her prose is as much worth reading as her poetry. Sharp as her critical mind was at its best, this immense book does not constitute the same kind of discovery for me that thirty-five pages of criticism by Basil Bunting did a few years ago. Bunting had her perceptiveness, but he also chose to keep control over the form of the essay (his observations are “regularized”) and he says more, finally, about Pound and Eliot in a very few pages than Moore does in the course of her many articles and reviews to do with them. *The Complete Prose of Marianne Moore*, then, is not a book I would recommend to a reader to slog through systematically; rather it would make a good bedside book, where it might last you for years.

To speak so is to make, as we used to say, a limiting judgment, and grateful as I am for the appearance of this book, I shall be far more so for the publication of her complete poetry, which has not yet occurred. The volume in print called the *Complete Poems* (305pp, Faber, paperback, £3.95, 0 571 13306 1) is really a severe selection, in which Moore favoured the products of her old age and discriminated against the achievement of her youth by omitting such magnificent poems as “Roses Only”, “Dock Rats” and “Dark Earth”. The matter is complicated by the fact that the revised constantly, nervously and at times ruthlessly, now for the better and now for the worse. I suppose that eventually there will be a variorum edition, but it will be unreadable: what I would like to see, and as soon as possible, is an omnibus edition of all her books of poetry, restoring not only the omissions but also all the revised versions of individual poems (for example, “Poetry” in all its five versions – or is it six?) Then we shall have, returned to circulation, some powerful poetry which is at present unavailable.

It is not always easy to put your finger on what constitutes its power. She called her first authorized collection *Observations* (possibly taking a hint from Eliot’s title *Prufrock and Other Observations*), and clearly the word is still an important one for her in 1951, meaning as it does both “perceptions” and “comments”. The comment, as I have already implied, in some manner derives from the perception, and

of taste not always found among Moore’s critics.

The triumph of the book is a rich chapter about Moore’s second-longest poem, “An Octopus”. As any reader may determine, the poem is really about a mountain, an octopus of ice, and that mountain, though she calls it by other names, is actually Mount Rainier, which she visited with her brother in 1922. Further, as Patricia C. Willis has discovered, they stayed near a mountain-meadow called Paradise. This is not mentioned in the poem, but Slatin concludes that for Moore the mountain is also an image of America as Paradise. He then goes on to treat the poem as at least partly allegorical, and relates it to many writers, not all of whom are mentioned in it, one of them being Henry James, who is. And in a splendid attempt at describing Moore’s procedure, he says:

Thus reading “An Octopus” is something like reading *The Golden Bowl*: just as James confines us within the limits of the prince’s awareness, or the princess’s, so Moore confines us within a perspective which is far too limited to comprehend the full significance of the scene it presents in such profuse detail. It is not until the very end of the poem – not until we have been “summarily removed” from it by “the avalanche”, in fact – that we realize that we have been in Paradise.

Such an argument (and I have greatly simplified it) is of practical help to a reader having trouble with a difficult poem, and thus it performs the main function of criticism: it helps us to read. Nevertheless “we” would not be able to come to such a realization as he describes unless we had first read this chapter. I cannot but wish that Slatin had gone further and speculated about what Moore can have been up to when she suppressed all mention of the meadow Paradise? Or has the critic made a poem more perfectly co-ordinated than the one the poet wrote?

I am not sure about the answers to these questions, but they trouble me a good deal, and I think they ought to trouble Slatin. Another case of biographical material used in his discussion of “The Fish”, one of the best-known poems. It is “a war poem”, he tells us, “most likely prompted by the assignment of

Moore’s brother, a Navy chaplain, to sea duty in the North Atlantic late in 1917”. Like Eliot in *Mr. Stolin*’s mind is then replaced by certainty: in “The Fish”, he asserts later, Moore imagines “the tragedy of a torpedoed troop-ship with a gaping ‘chasm’ in its ‘dead side’”. According to this astonishing reading, “‘bodies’ that I always assumed to be those of living sea-creatures, with which the ocean is packed, are really those of drowned troops; and in the last phrase of the poem – ‘the sea grows old in it’ – it refers to the torpedoed ship’s hold. I simply cannot accept this: Slatin has completely confused a poem’s possible source with the poem itself. There is indeed a mysterious intensity of vision to Moore’s use of the ocean and a violence of tone in the sea she speaks of in this poem, and Moore’s anxiety about her brother may well be the source of both intensity and violence, but it is not to say that for all these years we have been missing in the imagery a story about torpedoed troop-ships. Again, Slatin fails to ask obvious questions: about intention, for example, or about ways in which contemporary readers might have read the poem. His book is far better than Martin’s, but his critical powers separate from his scholarly powers like oil from water, and if she was too much in love with discontinuity, he is too easily satisfied with obscurity.

But whatever the failures in the working out of these two critical books, one can easily grant their premises, that Marianne Moore is not the orderly poet some have taken her to be. It is a sign of her stature that she can so well absorb the shock of such a new emphasis. Of course her writing can be broken and discontinuous, we agree, turning from the straight forwardness of “Sojourn in the Whale” to “An Octopus”. But Blackmur and Zabel were therefore wrong in having discussed another side to her, the side typified by continuity, “neatness of finish”. The emphasis made by Martin and Slatin does not replace the old, merely supplement it. Marianne Moore, we must not forget, was not exclusively, if at all, she is too massive a property, like an octopus-mountain itself, which can never be entirely seen from one point of view.

Under the influence?

Lachlan Mackinnon

BRUCE BAWER
The Middle Generation: The lives and poetry of Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman and Robert Lowell
216pp, Hamden, CT: Archon, \$25, 0 208 02125 6

“Some critics also consider Theodore Roethke to be a member of this group”, Bruce Bawer tells us in the first footnote to his “Prologue”. “I do not. His poetry is very different, and so is his attitude toward poetry. This I hope will become clear in the course of my study.” As the subject is not picked up again, it does not. What does the author’s obsession with personalities, dealing with four men’s peculiarly agonized lives, Dr Bawer writes that “Schwartz and Lowell found shelter . . . in psychosis; Berryman and Jarrell, in suicide. It is not easy to understand such devastating alienation.” A little more reading in clinical literature might have helped. For instance, Bawer is hard on Lowell as an antisemite; Berryman’s notes for the novel *Recovery* (1973) speak of his own “resentment of Cal’s [Lowell’s] tiny Jewish blood”. The sheer complexity of Lowell’s feelings on the matter is ignored. Lowell identified with Hitler in the manic phase of his illness, whereas such identification is more common in the depressive part of the cycle.

Bawer’s harshness (all four were repressed homosexuals, he observes) extends to an insistence on Jarrell’s suicide, and Lowell’s inability to face up to it. Mary Jarrell’s edition of her husband’s *Letters* (1983) cites the view of the doctor who carried out the autopsy, that from the nature of Jarrell’s injuries there was “reasonable doubt about [his being a suicide]”. Bawer finds obsession where few others will. Lowell’s “Death and the Bridge” is said to be about Berryman’s suicide. In fact Lowell’s poem of Frank’s where landscape mentions

Berryman at no point whatsoever and is first set in Boston, not Minneapolis. “Safe Home from Rapallo” shows us that Lowell “turned away from his former deep involvement with foreign cultures and foreign literatures”, an odd view given that the poem was written in 1957 and by 1960 Lowell had studied *Imitations*. A local truth is elevated to a general principle.

The overall thesis of this book is that the generation it treats shaped their careers with Eliot’s example uniquely in mind. This may be true of Schwartz, whom Bawer takes as paradigmatic, but it makes little sense when the three other poets. Bawer ignores Eliot’s admiration of *Life Studies*, for instance, which would obviously have complicated his picture of influence by revolt. Bawer’s case for Schwartz’s revolt is made even more problematic by *Vaudeville for a Princess* (1979), because it is not true that “To Schwartz, the use of vaudeville at the shrine of Eliot”, the use of vaudeville was “a supreme act of heresy”. What, one wonders, of *Sweeney Agonistes*, the enthusiastic 1923 essay on Marie Lloyd (who enacted “the soul of the people”), which elevates music-hall as an art form over vaudeville, that is, vaudeville over cabaret? Other influences are treated more sketchily. The Fugitives may as well never have lived, while the charged “Jarrell and the Influence of Auden” finds half-a-dozen Audenesque mannerisms in all the subjects’ early poetry, but ends by stating that these devices were only used when they could be put to the poets’ “Eliotic” purposes. Even politically, Dr Bawer is shaky. He and Eugene McCarthy as the Middle Generation politician, an unrealistic idealist, but forget that it was McCarthy’s triumph in the New Hampshire primary which finally persuaded Robert Kennedy that Lyndon Johnson must be vulnerable. This book should have been either more solid or more modest, but as it is, it is hollow and unhelpful, a positive disservice to its subjects.

The great Soviet paradox

Adam B. Ulam

SEWERYN BIALER
The Soviet Paradox: External expansion; internal decline
396pp, Tauris, £16.50, 1850 43 030 6
MARTIN WALKER
The Waking Giant: Soviet Union under Gorbachev
282pp, Michael Joseph, £14.95, 0 7181 2719 6
RICHARD OWEN
Crisis in the Kremlin: Soviet succession and the rise of Gorbachev
253pp, Gollancz, £12.95, 0 575 03635 4

The titles of these books convey, more or less explicitly, the assumption that the Soviet Union is undergoing a deep internal crisis and that it may be about to enter a new era. This theme, with appropriate variations, has been stressed by Mikhail Gorbachev himself; he, of course, eschews the term “crisis”, but ever since his elevation to the General Secretaryship he has been travelling the length and breadth of the country proclaiming the need of radical reforms and preaching the gospel of *perestroika* – renovation or reconstruction being the closest approximation of the Russian term. Gorbachev’s criticisms were reiterated, and some new proposals for reform outlined, in his speech of January 27, in which he reportedly called for secret ballots for all senior Party posts.

Yet what in fact is the nature of the crisis? The General Secretary and his Kremlin colleagues would certainly reject as a capitalist slander the notion that the fault lies with the system – that it is not only oppressive but incapable of meeting the requirements of the modern age. For Seweryn Bialer, the main trouble lies in the stagnation of the Soviet economy which in turn proceeds from the ossification and doctrinal rigidity of the State and Party apparatus. In *The Soviet Paradox* he notes with

some irony: “For many decades the political superstructure has shaped and controlled the socio-economic base in the Soviet Union. Now the time has come for the base to take its revenge on the superstructure.” The other two authors approach the problem more directly: “The system Gorbachev now heads and through which he has to work, is by nature corrupt, undynamic and bureaucratic”, writes the journalist Richard Owen. And Martin Walker, also from a journalist’s perspective, endorses the Russian dissenters’ thesis that a reform of the system will prove unavailing unless the Soviet leaders can find the courage to make an honest accounting of the mistakes and crimes of the past. Gorbachev, he notes correctly in *The Waking Giant*, is ready to talk at length (but rather vaguely, let us add) about the country’s current problems. But up to now he has been remarkably reticent about what is also needed: “There were the truths to tell, of Khrushchev’s time, and of Stalin’s; and without the readiness to tell them, Gorbachev’s hopes of a brave new Soviet future will be built on so much spiritual sand.”

All of this adds up to a rather far-reaching indictment of the Soviet reality. Were he impelled to speak frankly, Gorbachev might argue that he is not Stalin, who could order the most drastic changes by a simple fiat, and that he has to avoid courting the fate of Khrushchev, whose excessive garrulity about the sins of the past finally persuaded his colleagues to dispense with his services. But Gorbachev would also, perhaps, echoing Churchill, say he has not become the General Secretary to preside over the liquidation of the Soviet empire and the ending of the Communist Party’s domination of Soviet society.

Owen’s *Crisis in the Kremlin*, which concentrates on the succession process itself, seeks to explain how a relatively young party official from the provinces managed to break into the ranks of the ruling gerontocracy of Brezhnev’s last years. For all his skill in Kremlinology, the author falters occasionally when it comes to the historical background of his story. Surely it is a

Middle Ages Russia had known nothing but a version of Asian despotism qualified only during Nicholas II’s reign”. And it is quite unwarranted to assert that in 1966 the Politburo “regained its former position as the supreme decision-making body”. In fact, the Politburo – or Presidium, as it was known between 1952 and 1966 – never lost that function, except on one occasion during Khrushchev’s reign when, outvoted by his fellow-oligarchs, the First Secretary overcame their plot with the help of the Central Committee.

The Waking Giant may be criticized for its title. Certainly at the time of Brezhnev’s death the Soviet Union was far from being a backward society, and, elderly as its masters might have been, they were quite alert when it came to seizing opportunities to expand their power and influence in the outside world, as well as to warding off any threat, no matter how remote, to the Party’s dominant role, and to their own rule over the Party. Walker is especially good in correcting and putting into perspective the recent allegations about the Soviet Union’s economic and technological stagnation. It is true that the last decade of Brezhnev’s rule saw a considerable slowdown in economic growth. Walker, however, attributes that slowdown – as does the present Soviet leadership – mainly to the economic planners’ neglect of the quality factor in production and to their (hitherto) scant concern for the needs of consumers in the civilian sector of the economy. The chapter entitled “The Technology Revolution” offers convincing proofs that, economically and technologically, the Soviet Union is indeed a giant, which, if it has occasionally dozed off during the last fifteen years, has certainly not been asleep.

For all the acuteness of Martin Walker’s analysis of the internal dynamics of Soviet politics, his touch is less sure when it comes to foreign policy. Sometimes it is his carelessness with historical facts, as when he writes that “in 1914, the whole of Poland remained a province of the Tsarist Russian empire”. Elsewhere the author, while in general forthright in assessing

ing to indulge in questionable analogies, such as, “For every Afghanistan, there is a Vietnam”.

In contrast with the other two works, which are concerned specifically with Gorbachev’s succession and his efforts at *perestroika*, Professor Bialer’s book attempts a more comprehensive review of the Soviet Union’s past and present dilemmas and its future prospects. Much of it is devoted to an examination of the thesis suggested by the book’s subtitle: it is its internal weaknesses and vulnerabilities that drive the Kremlin to try to offset its relatively poor record at home by military and foreign achievements designed to impress both its friends and enemies. The deprivations of the people in their capacities as citizens and consumers are presumably compensated for by pride in their country’s growing world-wide power and influence. As Bialer puts it, “Soviet foreign policy and its successes abroad legitimize the leadership and the regime”.

Yet as Bialer examines various aspects of Soviet foreign policy it becomes clear that the costs and risks of an expansionist policy have grown increasingly burdensome to the Soviet State and troublesome to its rulers. Especially striking and informative is his discussion of what he calls the “Polish debacle” and of its sombre implications for the Soviet imperial position in East and Central Europe. And one of the most astute observations in his generally perceptive book is his statement that the current Sino-Soviet *détente* notwithstanding, “a pragmatic China represents an even greater threat to Soviet ambitions and security than the China of Mao”.

And so the greatest Soviet paradox may yet turn out to be different from the one Seweryn Bialer so ably illustrates, that is, the paradox in the relationship between the domestic and foreign dimensions of the Kremlin’s policies. But quite apart from that, the seemingly hugely successful foreign policies of the Soviet Union have entangled it in a number of dangerous overcommitments, which, if not now, may in the foreseeable future threaten the stability of

The Moral and Political Writings of Mahatma Gandhi

Volume II: Truth and Non-Violence

Edited by Raghaven Iyer

The second volume of Professor Iyer’s three-volume edition of the writings of Mahatma Gandhi, drawn from the *Collected Works*, in ninety volumes, published over thirty years.
0 19 824755 9, Clarendon Press £50.00

India’s Political Administrators, 1919-1983

David C. Potter

Makes a significant contribution to current research on the political aspects of the work of élite administrators. More fundamentally, it concentrates on a neglected area of theorizing about the state by explaining how state forms are reproduced through time despite political changes in their environment.
0 19 821574 6, Clarendon Press £27.50

The Mystery of Crichton Down

L. F. Nicolson

Mr Nicolson tells the story of the ‘Blandford Martyrs’, innocent men found guilty by a prejudiced public inquiry, held at a time when a ‘lynch mentality’ prevailed. Without too much recourse to administrative law or legal and procedural technicalities, a vivid picture of the relationships between bureaucrats, the public, and the politicians clearly emerges.
0 19 827482 0, Clarendon Press £30.00

After Soweto

An Unfinished Journey

John D. Brower

Examines the nature of opposition among the African community to apartheid in the crucial years since Soweto by analysing internal African initiatives for bringing about social and political change, most of which lack the formalized character of ‘national opposition’ and take place outside the main nationalist organizations.
0 19 827480 7, Clarendon Press £36.00

Makers of Modern Strategy

From Machiavelli to the Nuclear Age

Edited by Peter Paret, Gordon A. Craig, and Felix Gilbert

The essays in this volume analyze war, its strategic characteristics, and its political and social functions, over the past five centuries.
0 19 820098 6, Clarendon Press £46.00
0 19 820097 8, paperback £12.95

Imperialism at Bay

The United States and the Decolonization of the British Empire

Wm. Roger Louis

Examines the wartime controversy between Britain and America about the future of the colonial world, and considers the ethical, military, and economic forces behind imperialism during this period.
0 19 822972 0, Clarendon Press, paperback £15.00

Democracy, Liberty, and Equality

Robert A. Dahl

Robert A. Dahl has been one of the most original and influential figures in contemporary political science; his works include *A Preface to Democratic Theory*, *Who Governs?*, and *Dilemmas of Pluralist Democracy*. This volume collects some of his basic essays in the field of democratic theory.
82 00 07713 6, Norwegian University Press £18.50
Scandinavian Library Series

Norden

The Passion for Equality

Edited by Stephen R. Graubard

In their passion for equality and social justice, the five Nordic countries have established new criteria for state action. But why is the world not heeding a path to the Nordic door, to learn what social justice can be? Leading Nordic historians, social scientists, and critics, provide answers to this and other questions.
82 00 07712 8, Norwegian University Press £19.50
Scandinavian Library Series

Politics & Political History

from

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

Authority and Inequality under Capitalism and Socialism

USA, USSR, and China

Barrington Moore, Jr.

Barrington Moore, distinguished scholar and author of a number of seminal works, uses an historical approach to describe and explain the principal similarities and differences in the systems of authority and inequality in the United States, the USSR, and China, and to explore the prospects for a free and rational society in the foreseeable future.
0 19 828640 X, Clarendon Press £16.00

Socialisms

Theories and Practices

Anthony Wright

Provides a readable and challenging discussion of the nature of socialism, surveying the history of socialist ideas and movements, as well as contemporary socialist traditions.
0 19 219188 8, an OUP book £12.50

Philosophers and Pamphleteers

Political Theorists of the Enlightenment

Maurice Cranston

Based on Professor Cranston’s 1984 Carlyle lectures, this book provides a general introduction to six political theorists of the French Enlightenment: Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Holbach, and Condorcet.
0 19 219208 6, an OUP book £12.95
0 19 289189 8, paperback £4.95

For further information on any of these books, contact: Academic Publicity, OUP, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP.

First tragedy, then farce

Peter Clarke

BEN PIMLOTT (Editor)
The Political Diary of Hugh Dalton, 1918-40,
1945-60
737pp. Cape. £40.
0224 019120

By November 1954, Hugh Dalton had nearly forty years' experience behind him as a member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Labour Party. Opposed to its majority support for German rearmament, Dalton dredged up a precedent from 1936-7 for members of a divided shadow cabinet speaking and voting as they thought at a party meeting. Herbert Morrison, whose long-standing service alongside Dalton had developed into a deep-seated mutual aversion, thereupon confessed that he had tried to consult the relevant minutes, only to find that they had been destroyed in the Second World War. Dalton now had his opening, as he subsequently recorded: "I said I had a typescript, recounting the whole thing, in my hand, a bit of my next volume of Memoirs. He knew that when the first volume of his memoirs had been published the previous year, Morrison's dismay - 'I didn't know the bugger kept a diary like that' - had been palpable. 'How lucky', Dalton beamed at the shadow cabinet, 'that, if there is no official record, I have kept an unofficial one.'

How lucky it is for historians, unlike poor Morrison, is a point which Ben Pimlott's work has fully brought home. His biography of Dalton has rightly been acclaimed as a triumphant combination of scholarly erudition and personal insight. His edition of a substantial selection from Dalton's diaries is now complete, and with a self-effacing aplomb which is wholly admirable. The diary for the Second World War, when Dalton held senior office, has already appeared. It is now flanked by two further sections, covering the earlier and later phases of his career. To include both in one for publication, with its obvious violence to continuity and a sudden leap midway through from May 1940 to July 1945. The massive scale of the wartime diary no doubt created a problem in dividing the work. If there is no wholly satisfactory solution, there is much to be said for that actually adopted, in that it allows the wartime and peacetime diaries to retain their distinctive characters.

This volume presents a juxtaposition of the problems facing the Labour Party in two very different phases of its history. As Dalton himself recognized, his own high tide and that of the party broadly coincided. Much the same could have been said of Attlee, Bevin, Morrison and Cripps - all of them born in the 1880s. "I was at my high point politically in 1940-41 and in 1945-46", Dalton recorded in 1951, "but that was largely determined by events outside me, though in these events I got and took my chance." He did not, however, lapse into supposing that the men of his own generation embodied a unique endowment of political virtue, nor into disparaging their likely successors. On the contrary, he continued to back youth even when no longer young himself and made it the mission of his own declining years to dislodge his remaining contemporaries. In 1955 he thought that the "Parliamentary Committee was stiff with old age pensioners", and used the announcement of his own decision to leave it to embarrass others into following suit. He called it "Operation Avalanche", already with an eye to a chapter heading in the next volume of his memoirs, and thought it went "damned well" in achieving a significant reduction in the age of the Labour front bench.

Dalton, in fact, was prepared to argue the case for cyclical renewal from his own experience in the 1930s, "when the old top end of the party was blown off by MacDonald's treachery and Henderson's death", and the task of policy making had been taken up by Attlee and Cripps in the Commons and by Morrison and Dalton on the National Executive Committee. "We've done all that now," Dalton told Attlee in 1951; "written the first chapter of the Socialist story, in law and administration. What next? The younger people must write the second chapter."

It is the first chapter, then, which comprises

the bulk of this volume. Dalton claimed to have become a socialist at the end of the First World War, in which he served in Italy. After the Armistice, the Labour Party seemed a promising instrument for a politically ambitious radical with a loud voice and an unpercrust confidence bred into him at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. "What is chiefly needed is (1) improved organisation in the constituencies, (2) an influx of brains and middle-class non-crank membership." Dalton was determinedly unsentimental in his view of party politics. The contrast between his patient approach and the impetuous self-dramatization of Oswald Mosley, another class traitor who joined Labour, was not simply a matter of different natural abilities. When Mosley provoked a confrontation with the Labour leadership over unemployment in 1930, Dalton maintained that he possessed "no sense of the slow transitions of real life. Having joined the Party last week, he wants to lead it tomorrow afternoon."

Mosley's case, of course, was that the Labour party in office was no more prepared to tackle the problem of unemployment than the



Ben Pimlott and Hugh Dalton, 1951. The photograph is taken from Ben Pimlott's Hugh Dalton (732pp. Cape. £25. 0224 021001).

Tories had been. Philip Snowden stood immovable in defence of Treasury orthodoxy. Dalton, as a junior minister under Henderson at the Foreign Office, was not in the front line in this dispute. He might have been expected, as an academic economist trained in Cambridge, to have championed Keynesian alternatives. But he remained professionally unpersuaded by Keynes, preferring instead the analysis of old colleagues at the London School of Economics, and politically suspicious of "Lord Oswald", trusting instead the judgment of "Uncle Arthur". Thus when Mosley hinted at resignation in January 1930, Dalton could "express sympathy with him in being confronted with such a combination of stupidity and cowardice", without enlisting under this banner of revolt. Mosley's appeals to the party in the following months are reported as displays of headstrong vanity. And when "this hateful fellow, whom I have always bitterly distrusted", eventually leaves the Labour party: "The air seems cleaner already." The irony was that, within a year, MacDonald and Snowden were themselves to defect, leading a National Government which appealed for a Doctor's Mandate.

Dalton was truly a Fabian in forswearing the frontal assault for tactics of permeation. His constant watchword was never to resign, his persistent aim to instill his party with common sense and realism. He maintained that "Socialism did best when it marched in step with the rules of arithmetic", and his efforts in the field of economic policy in the 1930s conformed to this maxim. In this period, however, it was foreign policy which increasingly consumed his attention. He was to the fore in bringing Labour slowly round to the acceptance of rearmament against Hitler, a cause for which he had temperamental affinity. Other Labour politicians felt just as strong an intellectual and moral revulsion from fascism, but none matched Dalton in simply having the guts.

Here Dalton's post-war diary is a case study in the evolution of that history repeats itself the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce. If Dalton now looks good as the pre-war

scourge of appeasement, he also looks silly as the post-war hammer of the Huns. "The German problem is very simple," he remarks in 1946, "the problem is that there are too many Germans." Hence his rooted opposition to German rearmament in the early 1950s, when virtually his only supporters were Bevanites with whom he was otherwise often at odds. Conversely, Dalton found difficulty in communicating his feelings to his young friends on the Right of the party, like Anthony Crosland, Roy Jenkins and Douglas Jay. "I told them Germans were murderers, individuals accepted", Dalton recorded in 1952. "They'd killed all my friends in the First War, etc." Yet his vision of the German economy forging ahead did not entirely lack prescience, nor his foreboding that "we, in our mismanaged, mixed-economy, overpopulated little island, shall become a second-rate power, with no influence and continuing 'crises'".

Dalton's period as Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1945 had begun on a high note, as, with the American Loan protecting the external position, he promised to find the money for internal reforms "with a song in my heart". It ended in anti-climax, with the Loan drained away and Dalton leaving office over a Budget Leak in November 1947. The fact was that Dalton had lost the will to go on shouldering the sort of heavy ministerial burden he had carried since 1940. He reflected that "one can't go on living for ever like this on pills and potions". It was not just honour which led him to tender his resignation with an alacrity that shames more recent cabinet ministers. The diary, moreover, brings out the physical debility of a whole group of leading ministers who were now well into their sixties. What Attlee's Government needed was a Patients' Mandate. The ailing Bevin had long been accompanied by his own doctor, Morrison was unfit in 1948, Cripps went off to a Swiss sanatorium for a critical period in 1949. When Attlee entered hospital in 1951, even his teeth gave trouble. ("His former dentist was too old.")

led to the resignation from the Government of Aneurin Bevan, Harold Wilson and John Freeman, has interesting echoes from the diary of 1930, as the editor points out. Thus Dalton's foghorn whisper on Bevan's performance at a party meeting: "This is Mosley speaking!" But Dalton was by no means alone in his propensity to view the new crisis through twenty-year-old spectacles. Bevan himself had accused Hugh Gaitskell of "trying to be a second Snowden", and it was the "wicked Tribune attacking Hugh most outrageously, comparing him to Snowden, and his Budget to Snowden's in 1931"

All in a good cause

Phyllis Willmott

C. H. ROLPH
Further Particulars: Consequences of an Edwardian boyhood
321pp. Oxford University Press. £12.50.
0192117904

In *Further Particulars* C. H. Rolph picks up the thread from his earlier book, *London Particulars*, and continues the story of his life from about the end of the First World War to the present day. For the most part, these are the reminiscences of the public life of a forthright, rational and self-contained man. Only in a final chapter the author - now aged eighty-five - offers "some kind of statement of essential belief" which, for him, seems to be a verdict of "not yet proven", and also for him a rare excursion into the more personal.

After a few years as a clerical worker in the City of London, Rolph followed his father into the City of London Police, where he remained for twenty-five years, a time during which he also developed his gifts as writer. In 1946 he retired (with the rank of Chief Inspector) to join the editorial staff of the *New Statesman*; it was there that he made his reputation as a journalist and broadcaster. The combination of what he calls his "writing obsession" and his experience in the police committed him to becoming a supporter of various causes "for the promotion of this and the abolition of the

which stung Dalton most deeply. Maybe he identified "Mosley speaking" a few days later because he had been perusing his old diaries, as Pimlott suggests; but Chuter Ede, who chaired that meeting, imprudently came out with the same comparison in winding up - without, so far as we know, any Ede diaries to prompt him. The main issue between the two sides in 1951 seems to have been whether it was a replay of 1931, with Gaitskell as Snowden. Only a party with such a rich mythology of betrayal would have been spoilt for choice in this way.

One further aspect which stands out is the contrast between the anticipated and actual electoral impact of these events. Dalton gloomily brooded on how the party might split "and how our young men would be mowed down". On Budget Day the prospect was "an early election and a heavy defeat". He knew that John Freeman, toying with resignation, expected to lose Watford. Five under-secretaries, headed by Jim Callaghan, similarly feared losing their seats and appealed for unity accordingly. Dalton thought "it had taken Nye a long time to see that he'd mass-murder the Party, if he went, including nearly all his own friends . . .". Yet, in the end, when Bevan duly went and the election duly came, the slaughter was largely averted. The five under-secretaries lived to fight another day and Freeman held on at Watford. Labour in fact polled its record vote in 1951 and under a fair electoral system would have been returned to office.

But that, as Dalton makes clear, would have been too much of a good thing. "We are all," he had written in 1950, "stale and uninspired and uninteresting." Indeed, Dalton was admitting by 1954 that, "People were content with the Tories. They had stolen the Socialist clothes (full employment, welfare state, etc.) In some moods he could 'see no reason, except' as Cripps would have it, for voting Labour now. Yet it would be a half-truth to suggest that Dalton ended up simply ranting consistently, as he occasionally did, against his old party. This was also the time he was planning Operation Avalanche to rejuvenate it. When he dreamt of "a Young Turk landing on the beaches of Power and Fame" in years to come, he envisaged his young companions Jim Callaghan, Tony Crosland and Denis Healey "in the van". Would he have greeted the Labour Cabinet of 1976 with a song to his heart? After Operation Avalanche, when Gaitskell became leader of a much younger team, Dalton trumpeted to himself: "I feel a little like a Creator who rested and beheld his handiwork after much hard labour and saw that it was good."

- but he was never, as he emphasizes, an on-the-street banner-waving activist.

Among the most interesting chapters of *Further Particulars* are those on the reform issues that Rolph tackled - mainly in his journalism and broadcasting but also in committee and other promotional activities. In his easily accessible prose he excels at bringing life to complicated issues that many of us feel we ought to be more concerned over and to know more about. He explains how juries work - and how they could work better; what has gone wrong with the system of parole; the continuing scandal over the care of some of the mentally ill; the problems of prisons and prison reform. On all of these issues Rolph has campaigned; and in writing about them he has over many years continued to attract and retain a great deal of public interest and support.

But *Further Particulars* is not only about such serious matters. It contains evocative descriptions and stories of what the City of London was like in the early 1920s when, for example, sleep were still being driven through the streets to Smithfield market. Observations on the habits and eccentricities of colleagues also help to recapture the past. Other chapters offer some fleeting vignettes of meetings with the famous. If this is an indulgence that Rolph himself seems a little embarrassed about, it is but a small part of the admirably professional bag of tricks with which he succeeds in his aim of entertaining, as well as informing, his readers.

A problem ignored

Colin McGinn

PATRICIA SMITH CHURCHLAND
Neurophilosophy: Toward a unified science of the mind/brain
546pp. MIT Press. £27.50.
0262 031167

Contemporary cognitive science - that recent and fertile confluence of philosophy, psychology and computer science - is apt to represent the human mind (or its underlying mechanism) as a proposition-manipulating engine, a device for processing language-like symbols. Thus, philosophy of mind investigates the so-called propositional attitudes (belief, desire, intention, etc.), those central pillars of common-sense or "folk" psychology; scientific psychology tries to uncover the mechanisms and algorithms whereby the mind constructs its representations of the world, these processes being seen as symbolic computations; and the builders of computer models of mental accomplishments program their machines with appropriate languages in which the machine takes instruction. On this view, the mind is conceived as a kind of word-processor.

But if you examine the brain - its neural nuts and bolts, its electro-chemical transactions, its biological architecture - you do not observe the operations of the propositional engine: nothing sentential appears to lurk in its fissures and nuclei. Higher brains (like ours) seem to resemble lower brains (like reptiles) in this respect; and these lower brains look plainly infra-linguistic. One reaction to this invisibility of the informational is to suppose that we are looking from the wrong level: we have mistakenly allowed the eye of theory to be fixated on the brain's hardware; indeed, we shouldn't really be looking at all. What needs to be recognized is that the brain can be described at different levels of abstraction; and at the more abstract level of propositional machinery comes into theoretical focus. It is the existence of this more abstract level - the "software" level - that secures the autonomy for the sciences of mind with respect to neurobiology. This is, roughly, the Standard View.

But there is another, more radical view, namely Eliminative Materialism, which urges that invisibility in the hardware is a sign of outright non-existence. We strain our eyes seeking for the brain's propositions only because we are shackled by obsolete pre-scientific conceptions of what the mind is. Folk psychology, a theory of the mind developed before people knew what science was all about, has created theoretical figments which we are tempted to hypostatize into scientifically real structures and processes. A long hard look at the biological brain should serve to disabuse us of our ancient folk-psychological superstitions, and open the way for a genuine science of what goes on in our heads. This is, roughly, the view held by Patricia Smith Churchland (and others of her persuasion). Their motto might be crudely put: if you can't find it in neuroscience, that's because it isn't there.

Neurophilosophy is a 500-page dithyramb to the brain sciences. Churchland's mission is to convince philosophers and psychologists that detailed knowledge of the biological workings of the nervous system is the answer to their

problems. Instead of theoretical autonomy, they should seek integration, reduction - or, failing that, elimination. Psychology, philosophical or scientific, should thus be prosecuted as a branch of neurobiology. She conducts her crusade with impressive zeal; tremendous energy has gone into the campaign, and there is something awesome about her conviction. But the excesses of evangelism obtrude disturbingly: mesmeric repetitiveness, hectoring the audience, rhetoric masquerading as argument, blindness (or blind-sightedness!) to the opposite point of view. Of this sales-resistant reader, at least, she has not made a convert to the faith. The sparkling new discipline of "neurophilosophy" does not live up to its advertising. It fails to vanquish the competition from more traditional approaches.

The book has three parts. Part One, the lengthiest, offers a fairly potted survey of the history and current state of neurophysiology. We learn about the behaviour of individual neurons, about the functional architecture of grosser structures, about the various techniques that have been developed to figure out what is going on deep inside the brain. Naturally, this is all fascinating stuff - especially, perhaps, the impressive progress that has been made in understanding the precise nature of the nerve impulse. As far as I can judge, Churchland does a competent job of presenting this material - though I suspect that many philosophical readers will find the details a bit too technical for their taste. One wonders, however, quite what the point of reproducing this material is, since it can be readily found in standard textbooks of neurophysiology. And there is no real attempt to locate the scientific facts in a philosophical context. It serves to demonstrate Churchland's credentials as a philosopher of neuro-science who has done her homework, but that is hardly a sufficient rationale. No significant gap in the literature seems to be filled by these 235 pages. The dominant impression they leave is how far away from the nature of the mind detailed knowledge of the brain's physiology leaves us.

Knowing little about the brain, we are inclined to think it is the seat of consciousness, thought, freedom, etc.; but once we start to understand its nature as a physical-biological object, we realize that there is nothing supernatural in there, and then it becomes even harder to see how the brain could subserve the mind. Understanding the precise chemistry of neural transmission makes it seem even more baffling how a few pounds of soggy biological tissue could be the basis of a conscious mental life.

Part Two broaches some relevant philosophy concerning theory-reduction in general and reductionism about psychology in particular. Churchland's exposition of inter-theoretic reduction is clear and workmanlike, though pretty standard. She gets more interesting when advocating her version of eliminative materialism. Suppose psychology (folk or scientific) failed to be reducible to neurobiology: what would that show about psychology? There are two main options: psychology is a respectable autonomous discipline with its own well-defined subject-matter; or: the principles and taxonomy of psychology as we have it are bogus and deserve to be unceremoniously eliminated from science and ordinary thinking.

August in the Offices

The small divorces of the summer offices
relieve the year, let in the air.

Absentees sun themselves by succulent hedgerows
or sit in rainsoaked reveries on river-banks -

but their desks gather accretions; the names on their doors
have a distant, commemorative look.

Territories suffer encroachment, feuds and flirtations
lose their fine balance; but in September -

the canvas shoes flung to the back of the cupboard -
flocks of fresh memos gather for the winter.

CONNIE BENSLEY

The second view takes propositional psychology to be a falsifiable empirical theory whose prospects are not bright: it might well turn out, for example, that there are no such things as beliefs and desires, or indeed pains and emotions, since these common-sense psychological categories do not map neatly on to neurobiological categories.

I do not think that Churchland provides any good reason to suppose that this elimination is likely to happen, and the prospect is virtually inconceivable. You might as well say that physics is likely to show that there are no objects in space which causally interact with each other. When Descartes asserted that he could not be wrong in supposing himself to be a thinking being he was not being misled by his ignorance of neuroscience. Tell him all the neuroscience there is to know, and he will not be justified in concluding "Oh, so I'm not really thinking, after all." At any rate, it is this kind of intuitive conviction that Churchland needs to undermine - and no amount of tired rhetoric about the intellectual conservatism of philosophers is going to turn the trick. Of course, ordinary folk may well harbour some pretty funny ideas about how their minds work, ideas that deserve prompt elimination; but it is another matter to claim that the general scheme of psychological understanding which we employ every day might, as a realistic possibility, turn out to be simply false.

What would we lose if we junked the resources of folk psychology? Well, without the ascription of mental states with propositional content, we would lose the idea of ourselves as rational (or irrational) beings: for the normative notions of correct and incorrect reasoning require that logical relations hold between mental states. In consequence, logic itself would be deprived of its *raison d'être*, since logic is the means by which people's propositional reasoning gets evaluated: if there is no

such thing as propositional reasoning, logic loses its point and purpose. Nor is it clear that anything recognizable as art could survive the repudiation of the categories of folk psychology: for how, without these categories, could we characterize the artist's intention? Certainly the major (and minor) works of literature would not have existed had their authors been persuaded of the truth of eliminative materialism. How, too, are we to apportion blame and responsibility without the notions of motive and intention? And what would ordinary human relationships be like if we could only talk brain physiology? It sounds like a very dystopian prospect indeed. (This is not to say that scientific psychology must slavishly follow the contours of folk psychology; it is only to insist upon the value and utility of the latter as an autonomous mode of person understanding.)

Churchland is on much firmer ground in Part Three, unfortunately much the shortest section of the book. Here she expounds a theory of sensorimotor co-ordination developed by Pelionisz and Llinás known as "tensor network theory". The basic idea is that perception and action might be co-ordinated in the brain by means of metrically deformed mapping relations between banks of neurons. This theory is philosophically interesting because it characterizes the underlying neural machinery in non-sentential terms. It is presented in some detail, but Churchland does little to put it into theoretical context and derive appropriate general conclusions. She does not see that it is compatible with propositional psychology, even when generalized to higher cognitive processes, as a glance at the relevant philosophical literature would have made clear (we just need the idea of propositions *indexing* underlying nonpropositional structures). Neither does she relate the tensor network theory to other theories in psychology of the same general shape - notably

NEW FROM CALIFORNIA

Interviews with Screenwriters of *FIERY WOODS* COLLECTION
PAT MCGILLIGAN

In this delightful book, an illustrious line-up of screenwriters - including Hitchcock collaborator Charles Bennett, novelist James M. Cain and the Astaire-Rogers writer, Allan Scott - tell their side of what happened, on and off the set, before the cameras rolled.

£24.50 Hardback 326pp illus. 0-520-05666-3

Cosmic Debris

Meteorites in History
JOHN G. BURKE

Drawing on an immense body of information gleaned from a variety of disciplines, John Burke presents a lively history of meteorites. In addition to tracing the theories of the origin of meteorites, he reviews the hypothesis that they brought life to Earth.

£39.95 Hardback 468pp illus. 0-520-05651-5

Decameron

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

The John Payne Translation

Revised & Annotated by Charles S. Singleton

Professor Singleton's new edition of John Payne's translation of *Decameron* preserves the genius of Payne's language and style but removes the Victorianisms that intrude upon the enjoyment of contemporary readers.

£22.25 Paperback 980pp 0-520-05872-0

The Kiss of the Snow Queen

Hans Christian Andersen and Man's Redemption by Woman
WOLFGANG LEDERER

Wolfgang Lederer uncovers the perennial fascination with Hans Christian Andersen's 'The Snow Queen' by weaving a psychological analysis of the tale with an account of Andersen's life.

£19.95 Hardback 288pp illus. 0-520-05744-0

When a Doctor Hates a Patient

And Other Chapters in a Young Physician's Life
RICHARD E. PESCHEL & ENID RHODES PESCHEL

Using actual case histories and literary counterpoints, this book focuses on the human aspects of the medical experience - exploring what it means to be a doctor and what it means to be a patient.

£14.95 Hardback 150pp 0-520-05755-4

UNIVERSITY OF California PRESS
126 Buckingham Palace Road London SW1W 9SD

mental model theory and the analogue theory of mental imagery. These are areas in which the synoptic vision of a philosopher might have been expected, but Churchland's vision is too tunnelled on to the details of the neurophysiology to supply this kind of perspective.

A disturbingly anti-philosophical vein runs throughout the book, beginning with its very first sentence: "In the mid-seventies I discovered that my patience with most mainstream philosophy had run out". It would be widely agreed, I think, that the period in question was an exceptionally rich one philosophically: Davidson, Kripke and Putnam, to choose just three philosophers, were doing important work around that time, much of it centring on the mind-body problem. Churchland, however, was impatient with it. It emerges later that she is impatient with philosophical method in general — she sees nothing coherent or valuable

in the kind of conceptual investigation typically undertaken by philosophers, past and present. (The present reviewer is mockingly berated for believing that it is possible to do interesting philosophy of mind in this traditional way.) She thus consigns most of the best work in philosophy of mind this century (and earlier) to the rubbish-heap. No remotely convincing justification is given for this hubristic dismissiveness, and one can only assume that she has succumbed to a severe case of scientism. Churchland is, of course, quite within her rights to find science more interesting than philosophy — in which case she should have become a scientist. But it seems to me deplorable to convert this personal preference into a wholesale condemnation of philosophy as a serious subject. There is really no need to downgrade philosophy in order to proclaim the importance of neuroscience. In fact, I think her

attitude to philosophy in this book is simply absurd.

It might have been different if she had succeeded in showing how some standard philosophical problems could be solved by means of neuroscience; but nothing of the kind is shown in the course of this very long book. So far, then, "neurophilosophy" is the name of a non-existent subject, at least if it is intended to offer a new approach to the old problems of philosophy. As it stands, it amounts rather to a proposal to ignore most of the problems that have occupied philosophers. Like the old discredited positivists, Churchland will have none but empirical questions; but unlike them, she has no colourable philosophical motivation for this parochial view. It is certainly no defence of her neuroscientism to cite Quine as having "shown" that there is no analytic-synthetic distinction. Nor does it cut any ice to go on as if

traditional philosophers are constitutionally "anti-scientific". It really shouldn't need saying that both philosophy and science are perfectly respectable enterprises, each in their own distinctive way: but apparently it does.

This book is clearly intended to appeal both to philosophers and to neuroscientists (as well as to psychologists), but there is a real question whether it is necessary at all. The great bulk of the material covered is readily available in standard works of neurophysiology and philosophy; putting it between the same pair of covers seems not to be a very great advantage. And Churchland's own contribution to the issues could have been condensed into a much shorter book. As it is, the book contrives to be both long and superficial. There are, to be sure, some worthwhile ideas in it, but they are swamped by irrelevant technical detail and by the fervid excesses of the proselytizer.

Thinking of unthought-of things

Martin Hollis

GILBERT HARMAN
Change in view: Principles of reasoning
147pp. MIT Press. £19.95.
026201555

The best chess move in practice need not be the one which God would play against God. Human players may fare better with moves which are easier to find or which exploit the blind spots of a particular opponent. A manual of ideal chess would be different from one on how to win in practice. Similarly a book on the principles of logic might be quite unlike one on how we reason or even one on how we can reason better. The thought has implications for, among other things, the development of artificial intelligence.

Gilbert Harman argues stoutly that "there is no clearly significant way in which logic is epistemic: it is false if anything it implies is false, and inconsistency is always a vice, always needing removal. But, he contends, there is no corresponding lesson for reasoning. One does not clutter one's head by swelling one's current beliefs with whatever they imply. One does not waste effort in ferreting out inconsistencies but waits for them to obtrude. One lives with an inconsistency, once noticed, until clear what to drop. Whereas traditional epistemology wants us to hold only those beliefs which we can justify, Harman regards beliefs as innocent and tenable until proved guilty. When changing our views, because we must, we do and should change them minimally. In the words of the blurb, "Reasoned revision — unlike theorem-proving — is a nonlinear, nonmonotonic matter of making piecemeal adjustments in response to new knowledge and situations."

This spirited message is intriguing for many areas of thought. For instance, it suggests teaching students a pragmatic philosophy of science rather than formal logic. It makes the

theory of knowledge a study of the social practice called "knowledge", rather than an attempt at an ideally organized system of truths. It would have us model artificial intelligence on actual human intelligence, rather than on some rarefied abstraction. It supports Herbert Simon's "satisficing" models of economic behaviour, based on the real-life workings of firms and individuals, against the rational, ideal-case models of orthodox micro-economic theory.

But I pick the word "intriguing" with care. Neither the broad theme nor these possible implications come through unmediated from Harman's lively and clever but scrappy discussion. As he ends by saying himself, "None of this pretends to be the last word on the subject. My aim has not been to settle issues but to raise issues. My aim has been to show that there is a subject here, change in view, a subject worthy of serious systematic study." He certainly succeeds in showing that, if we ask how people do their views, we do not find them rational exactly after the manner of "best play" formal systems. It is certainly interesting to ask what principles are in fact followed. But there is a snag to the enquiry, which, because Harman is too clever to miss it, muddies his conclusions.

Responding to the new

H. M. Robinson

EDO PIVČEVIĆ
The Concept of Reality
256pp. Duckworth. £19.95.
0715620754

The overall thesis of this book is most clearly stated at the beginning of the final chapter: Edo Pivčević claims here that the world cannot be construed in a simple, realistic way, for "the world that [a theory of reality] is designed to fit is not a naturalistic machine 'out there', but a self-referential system that 'talks about itself' . . . There is no reality independently of such an epistemic activity." The "machine out there" fallacy can be avoided by approaching the world "structurally" rather than "ontologically".

Pivčević explains this by contrasting three perspectives on reality. First, there is the "ontological-metaphysical" one, which interprets reality in terms of certain basic items (atoms or events, etc); second, the Kantian critical approach, which "attempts to pin down the conditions of intelligibility of existence claims"; third, the sociological approach which rests ontology on "inter-subjective validity". Though there is something true in each, they are all ultimately inadequate: the correct approach comes from seeing how our basic concepts are structural in a way that binds together all three approaches. The result is Hegelian, though without any implication that the "self-displaying" structure is an agent or mind.

The objective of the book is intriguing, but there are difficulties. The purpose and argumentation of the last three chapters are much weaker than those of the preceding twelve where the argument is often difficult to follow,

It lies in the elusive relation between descriptive and normative standpoints. "It is hard to come up with convincing normative principles except by considering how people actually do reason", he remarks; "on the other hand it seems that any descriptive theory must involve a certain amount of idealization and idealization is always normative to some extent". Descriptions are not unvarnished news but have theoretical and normative presumptions, which affect what one claims is going on. A Kantian would add that the presumptions are bound to include some of the ideal-case principles, which Harman sets out to question — not implausibly, given that he relies throughout on a robust notion of objectively good reasons for belief. But, in any case, Harman is trying to describe rational practices, while recognizing that "rational" is an evaluative term, so to talk about rational action is to talk about some sort of ideal case. The results cannot fail to be ambiguous.

him, I was less impressed by some off-hand linguistic philosophy which goes into the description of our habits of thought. For instance, does it matter what we would or would not be inclined to say about the intentions of a sniper who fires chancily at extreme range? The book

both as to its content and its place in the overall scheme. All those twelve chapters really show is that certain concepts — such as entity, existence, truth and evidence — are not wholly logically independent of each other. It is not clear that anyone need deny that. So the real argument begins with the attempted refutation of metaphysical realism in Chapter Thirteen.

Although Pivčević does not say so, the argument of this chapter is a more sophisticated version of Berkeley's "master argument" that there cannot be any unthought-of objects because as soon as one forms that conception they become objects of thought. Pivčević's argument, somewhat simplified, is as follows.

The first step is to try to show that there is a referential use of "all" which is not captured by any quantified expression. This occurs when "all Fs" means "all actual Fs", not "any F, if there is one". This Pivčević combines with the metaphysical realist's assertion that there are objects wholly independent of mind or thought (that is, "without being thought or talked about in any manner whatsoever"); and the principle that if anything is F then all F-things are F-like; so if anything is wholly independent of thought then all wholly-independent-of-thought things are wholly-independent-of-thought-like. By some simple logical steps this has the metaphysical realist asserting both that there is something that exists wholly without being thought about and that that thing is wholly-independent-of-thought-like. As the latter constitutes something thought about the subject is self-contradictory; and to say so seems to confuse. "It is possible that this chair might actually be unthought of", which is a pragmatic contradiction, and "it is possible that this chair might have been unthought of", which is not.

Although there are many interesting discussions in this book, the main, and very ambitious, argument seems to me to fail

is on better ground when arguing normatively for accepting what one has no positive reason to doubt, for revising beliefs minimally and only when we must, and for the other pragmatic principles of reasoning mentioned earlier. But here I was left wondering about the political implications. Harman's (somewhat casual) principles of clutter avoidance, minimal revision and of extending beliefs only when one has an interest in doing so are just what a closed society like *Brave New World* needs for stopping people asking fundamental questions. Perhaps freedom demands a radical Cartesian overhaul of beliefs from time to time.

In all, this is an immensely sharp-witted book and I enjoyed the acuity of its passages, even when they did not add up to much. For instance, the treatment of the Lottery Paradox (each ticket is so unlikely to win that I could be held to know that it won't win; yet I know that some ticket will win) and of the difference between intended and merely foreseen consequences, is a pleasure. Also it comes at a time when interest in informal reasoning, descriptive epistemology, computer simulation, satisficing models and organizational decision procedures is heading in the direction of Harman's gestures. It is not the last word, but it has hit on a topic worthy of serious study.

by thinking something of them.

It is fairly obvious that the sense of "think of" involved in this argument is not the one that the realist is using when he claims that some objects are unthought-of. Pivčević considers the very plausible objection that the required sense means "not thought of individually". In replying to this he seems to make an error of scope. Taking the metaphysical realist to be called "Jones" and using "Ind" to mean "Wholly mind-independent", he says "Let us begin by postulating a particular Ind-thing *a*. Then, on the present interpretation, Jones, by merely asserting the existence of Ind-things, is not saying anything about *a*, not even that it is Ind-like." Putting his symbolism into words, he then expresses this as "Jones asserts that [there is something Ind and if *a* is Ind then it is not the case that Jones asserts that *a* is Ind]". But reference to *a* should not occur within the scope of what Jones asserts, for he at no time forms any thought of *a*, only that there is something Ind.

The other response to the argument is that the metaphysical realist only asserts that things are *possibly* unthought-of, not that they actually are. He then says that this is true "only provided the proposition 'This chair is never thought of or spoken of by anyone in any manner whatsoever' expresses a possible state of affairs. But, it is easy to see that the latter proposition cannot be asserted without being falsified by being asserted." But it is far from being a pragmatic contradiction, and to say so seems to confuse. "It is possible that this chair might actually be unthought of", which is a pragmatic contradiction, and "it is possible that this chair might have been unthought of", which is not.

Although there are many interesting discussions in this book, the main, and very ambitious, argument seems to me to fail

The spirit in the mass

Frances Spalding

RICHARD CORK
David Bomberg
344pp. Yale University Press. £55.
0300038275

The move to rehabilitate David Bomberg as a major artist and influential teacher began soon after his death in 1957. Exhibitions and a monograph by William Lipke had by 1967 repaired a state of gross neglect, recovering Bomberg's originality and brilliance as a Vorticist as well as the vigorous expressiveness that characterized his style after the mid 1920s. But it was the growing reputation of two of his pupils, Frank Auerbach and Leon Kossoff, that drew attention, not only to his ideas and methods, but also to his centrality within a tradition that regards drawing as the crux of art. Bomberg recognized that his teaching played a crucial role and said of his pupils: "The young will provide me with recognition." It is, however, this magisterial book that finally crowns his reputation.

In his lifetime Bomberg enjoyed scant acclaim. The late 1930s were a particularly difficult period. In 1936, after a visit to Spain

couragement he received, went through spells of inactivity and experienced spiritual desolation. He did not invite half-measures; stood apart from artists' groups; and rooted his belief in the individual as an irresistible force, capable, in his or her integrity of vision, of confounding all tyrannies.

Cork deals eloquently with this passionate misfit. As in his previous books, he is admirably tenacious in his pursuit of Bomberg's thought, as it develops from the initial sketch, through drawings and preliminary studies, into the final painting. In its scholarship and argument, this book evinces mature excellence, leaving one minor caveat, that the author's thoroughness is sometimes dulled by too even a pace. He has previously covered Bomberg's early masterpieces in his two-volume study, *Vorticism and Abstract Art in the First Machine Age*, and it is interesting to see how much more resonant his analyses now become as a result of his greater familiarity with Bomberg's family origins and the circumstances of his youth. The near-abstract "Mud Bath", with its hard-hitting energy, here signifies Bomberg's experience of the hectic conditions and clash of interests in a crowded East End ghetto. "In the Hold", in which refugees emerging from a boat are almost obliterated by the superimposition



Bomberg's "Dinora", 1937, is reproduced from Richard Cork's David Bomberg which is reviewed here.

which inspired some of his best work, he held an exhibition of paintings at the Cooling Galleries and not one sold. The following year a work was rejected by the Tate. When war broke out he was turned down several times by the War Artists Advisory Committee before being granted a commission that was terminated after only initial sketches had been made. It is also estimated that between 1939 and 1944 he applied, unsuccessfully, for over 300 teaching posts. Checks and disappointments like these left him alienated, ill at ease in Britain, which he regularly tried to escape on visits to Palestine, Spain and Cyprus. He had been born in Birmingham, the son of Polish Jews, and was brought up in Whitechapel where he first experienced antisemitism and debilitating poverty. But external factors are only partly to blame for his lack of integration. He was, as Cork describes, "at once imperiously wilful and a prey to depressive anxiety". Though he began with the desire "to dynamite the whole of English painting" as one of his friends recalled, he was undermined by the lack of en-

of a geometric grid, is no mere experiment with pure form but a blazing testimony to displacement, the grid's splintering effect becoming, Cork argues, "a metaphor for the immigrants' broken lives".

After his volte-face in the 1920s Bomberg promoted not the city but a need to restore humanity's relationship with nature; he abandoned machine-age abstraction and searched for the organic, coining the phrase "the spirit in the mass", which became his touchstone. His landscapes were from then on not merely perceived but physically experienced; the sweep of his brush conveys the fall of sunlight and the gravitational pull as we look down into the valley of La Hermita. He varied his handling according to his subject, sometimes catching evanescent effects with broad simplicity, working also, often, with saturated colour. All this is well served by this generously illustrated and fastidiously presented book. It is a worthy addition to the history of British art and affirms Bomberg's radical intelligence and passionate idealism.

Modernist or Late Romantic?

Peter Fuller

EVELYN SILBER
The Sculpture of Epstein: With complete catalogue
240pp. Phaidon. £80.
0714822620

In 1908, a series of eighteen larger than life-sized figures by an unknown sculptor, Jacob Epstein, an immigrant from New York, was unveiled in niches on the walls of what was then the British Medical Association Building in the Strand. These works were hardly innovative in any formal sense; they owed rather more to George Frampton and Frederick Pomeroy than to Rodin. But their nudity and sombre realism caused an outcry in the press.

The British art establishment rallied round to defend the sculptor and Epstein went on to produce more vigorously "primitive" carvings, such as Oscar Wilde's tomb, with its "decadent", fallen, Assyrian Angel; "Rima", the memorial to the naturalist W. H. Hudson unveiled in the bird sanctuary in Hyde Park in 1925; or the figures of "Night" and "Day" that he carved for the headquarters of the Underground Electric Railway Company a few years later. All these provoked violent controversies during which he was assailed by, among others, the academics who had at first supported him; even so, he enjoyed a flourishing practice as the maker of strongly modelled portrait heads.

After the Second World War, the controversies surrounding Epstein's work died down. He seemed to enter a new and more serene phase, in which he also won the acceptance and honours he had so long desired. But by the time of his death in 1959, his sculpture seemed strangely beleaguered. In the 1960s and 1970s, British sculpture followed a course which owed nothing to the one he had chosen; and his last phase received little critical attention.

Hitherto, Epstein's work has not even been properly catalogued. Evelyn Silber's *The Sculpture of Epstein* is a work of art in itself, however, the author admits that such a claim cannot be made with confidence. The fault lies not so much with Miss Silber's diligence, as with Epstein's studio practices, and those of his widow after his death. Epstein often determined the size of an edition no more definitively than through a hand-written entry in a Leicester Gallery catalogue. If it sold well — as with the heads of Einstein and Churchill — he, or, later, Lady Epstein, felt few inhibitions about stretching the number of casts. This makes the compilation of an exhaustive catalogue exceedingly difficult, but Silber is to be commended for the thoroughness and devotion with which she set about her task. Her book supersedes the existing literature on Epstein — most of which is less than satisfactory — and is likely to remain the standard work for many years to come.

Hitherto, there were two principal and opposing "readings" of Epstein's achievement. One school cast him as a "Pioneer of Modern Sculpture", whose claim to enduring fame rested largely on his early direct carvings, and "The Rock Drill". This was a plaster study of a visored, mechanical man which Epstein completed in his short-lived Vorticist phase at the beginning of the First World War. The figure was mounted on a "ready-made" drill, which the sculptor even thought of activating with a motor. Epstein mutilated his mechanical monster in 1915. According to the "Modernist" reading, this signalled what eventually became the sad decline of his later years. Another view of him, however, puts him forward as the Last Romantic in sculpture, the successor to Rodin, whom T. E. Hulme (who had such a deep influence on Vorticism) rejected as belonging to "the sloppy drags of the Renaissance". The Romantic interpretation stresses Epstein's "Primitivism", and his emphasis on sexuality and expressive freedom — all that technological modernism is assumed to reject.

Silber certainly does not attempt to rehabilitate Epstein as a "Pioneer of Modern Sculpture". She makes much of his debt to Rodin, yet she is sharply critical of the conventional "Romantic" reading. She focuses attention on the extent of Epstein's debt to the archaic

sculptural traditions of medieval Europe, especially the cathedrals and churches of France, and fifteenth-century Florence. The sculptor, she argues, admired the way in which such work combined realism with a monumental gravity, and was also designed, like so many of his own large pieces, for relatively restricted viewpoints. This leads her to a revaluation of the "spiritual" work of the sculptor's later years. She is surely right when she refers to the Trades Union Congress War Memorial that Epstein made towards the end of his life as "this too little regarded and woefully neglected master-work". The memorial is a compelling reinterpretation of the traditional theme of the *Pietà* — far more convincing than "Night", which fused similar imagery with more atavistic elements, and created such a stir when it was unveiled in the 1920s.

Silber stresses the traditionalism of Epstein's conception of the sculptor's task. He believed passionately in the value of carving, modelling, monumentalism, and above all architectural work. He did not wish to begin a new tradition, so much as to revitalize an old one: that, perhaps, is why his work caused such offence at first, but, with the passage of time, passed into affectionate acceptance. And yet, in a sense, the questions remain. Silber is informative on Epstein's collaboration, and eventual break, with Eric Gill. She is less so on the vexed question of the relationship of his work to Henry Moore's. And where, I wonder, does her convincing reevaluation of Epstein's later "spiritual" phase leave the dominant trajectory of recent "Modernist" sculpture which traces its descent from Epstein, if at all, only through the mixed-media and mechanism of the "Rock Drill", which he himself so decisively rejected?

For a long time, it seemed as if the mainstream of Epstein's work, as Silber reads it, would leave its influence only through the work of Moore. But Silber points to the fact that some younger sculptors — she names, among others, Elisabeth Frink and Glynn Williams — "have found their own lessons in his daringly direct relationship with his materials". Silber's book is a welcome addition to the exhibition of Epstein's work at the Whitechapel Gallery later this year. It may well add further confirmation to the view that the line through Epstein, Moore and Frink into Williams has after all been the great tradition of British sculpture in our century.

THE
WINTER ISSUE OF
POETRY REVIEW
IS AVAILABLE NOW
AND SELLING FAST, SO
IF YOU WANT IT,
GRAB IT!

POETRY AMONG THE ARTS:
Bertrand O'Donoghue and Marilyn Crucifix on
Tony Harrison's theatre works; John Bayley on
Craig Raine's 'Electrification of the Soviet
Union'; plus an interview with Craig Raine;
John Whitworth on Vikram Seth's
'The Golden Gate'

CHARLES TOMLINSON
The Poet as Painter
SECOND LOOK
John Mole and Carol Rumpens on the poetry of
E.J. Scovell plus poems by E.J. Scovell

POEMS BY
Carol Ann Duffy, Sylvia Kantaris,
D.W. Hartnett, Glyn Maxwell, Douglas
Houston and others

REVIEWS BY
Philip Gross, George Szirtes, William Scammell,
Carol Rumens, Michael Horowitz and others
plus news, comment, competition and much,
much more

POETRY REVIEW £2.50 + 50p p+p
Subscriptions: 4 issues
UK £10.00, overseas £11.00;
libraries, schools and institutions £13.00
Poetry Review Circulation Department
21 Earl Court Square, London SW5 5DE

POETRY REVIEW
EDITED BY PETER FORBES

LIBRAIRIE DROZ

Leading scholarly publications in the following fields:

- French literature
- Renaissance and Humanism
- History
- Art History
- Law, Economics and Sociology
- Linguistics

ASK FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

Please send me your complete catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

To be sent to:
LIBRAIRIE DROZ
C.P. 348
CH-1211 GENEVE 12, S.W. 12

Small people

John Clute

PHILIP K. DICK
Humpty Dumpty in Oakland
 199pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
 0575038756

Some of the novels written by Philip K. Dick in the 1950s have appeared recently for the first time, from Gollancz and other houses. Research into his manuscripts by his executors has shown that, between 1960 and 1962, Dick wrote at least four of the half-dozen novels for which he will be remembered (afterwards came overt mental distress, intermittent creative peaks, financial success and early death). The reader of science fiction will already be familiar with *The Man in the High Castle*, *Martian Time Slip* and *Dr Bloodmoney* (the two latter titles being so misleadingly garish that academics have concentrated almost solely on *High Castle*). The fourth title from that extraordinary period of compulsive creative frenzy is *Humpty Dumpty in Oakland*, the book in which Dick reaches the end of his tether as an inhabitant of a region of the American continent; it also attests to a deep, damaged immersion in the American Dream. Within months, he would begin translating his nightmares into our future.

The region is California, where the Frontier beaches on the Pacific, and the Wilderness, no longer somewhere West, turns inward to invade the bewildered heart of the citizen. Elderly Jim Fergusson sells his garage, and prepares to invest his savings in a new development. The much younger Al Miller, a used-car dealer who rents space from Fergusson, feels confusedly that Fergusson will be cheated by Chris Hurman, the local entrepreneur. But neither Fergusson nor Miller have any chance of coping with the complex surges and drives of a secular world. Words entrap them, bodily functions daze them, passions bewine them

utterly. Although he seems to dance to the tale he tells, Miller neither understands the tune nor follows the story. He only knows that he is trapped in words – in threats, conspiracies, lies, complexities beyond his grasp – just as he is trapped in California.

Jim Fergusson dies finally, after several chapters that masterfully capture the delirium generated by his failing mind, his sullen blood-starved body; and Al Miller, convinced that his hysterical scamming has brought a mob down on him, fights out for Salt Lake City, where he is arrested, brought back to California and freed humiliatedly into an almost totally indecipherable world – for he has understood nothing of what has been happening. "You just a humpty dumpty", a black friend and survivor tells him as the novel closes. For such as Al Miller in Oakland there is no centre to hold to, no Frontier to explore. He has become debris.

Philip K. Dick was himself a Californian, and all his life identified with the "small" people of his world, whose numb inadequacies he portrays with an abiding gallows humour. Pawns in incomprehensible games – repairmen, car-salesmen, potters – occupy the foreground of this book and of his major SF novels. His "large" protagonists, men like Chris Hurman, may grapple stertorously with the real world, though in the SF books they fail just as thoroughly at the end to keep events from getting out of hand. *Humpty Dumpty in Oakland* overrides its occasional moments of scatty irresolution to read as a sustained memorial vignette of the final days of America's innocence, in which it is the small people who are seen to bear the cost of surviving into the present. It is indeed a very contemporary book, this tale of devouring nescience. In their anomie, their bewildered sourness, their moments of fragile decency, and in their need to believe the next story they think they understand, Dick's small people are surely current in his land.

Romance on the Stone

Colin Greenland

GREG BEAR
Eon
 504pp. Gollancz. £10.95.
 0575038616

With 150,000 words under a title denoting eternity, Greg Bear attempts the category of Big Science Fiction: commercially successful big novels about big things. The big thing here is an asteroid which appears without warning and moves into an evidently purposeful orbit around Earth and the Moon. Apparently deserted, the asteroid – America calls it the Stone, Russia the Potato, China the Whale – holds unequivocal evidence that it was fitted out for space travel by human hands. The hands were of our world, but not of our epoch, not even of our universe.

Compound paradox provides *Eon* with a perspective sequence of locations each larger than the one before. Much drama might be set on an asteroid three hundred kilometres long and about the same around; more inside a hollow one; more still when the interior contains seven separate cylindrical chambers, some lined with cities or inexplicable machinery, and when explorers from different nations and alliances claim or are confined to parts of each; yet more when the seventh chamber discloses a space-warp that in itself necessitates a whole new expedition, and then gives access to an infinity of other universes.

Despite its title, what is big about Bear's novel is its scale, in space rather than time. The principal action happens within a few months, with an apparatus of prologues and epilogues, contextual parentheses a dozen years apart. In the penultimate piece of epilogue one of the characters, observing that some of the "Stoners" are remarkably aged, announces his intention of becoming even more remarkably so. He it is who introduces the word "eon", which has an imposing ring to it, at once classic-sounding and familiar, but what it means lies largely outside the scope of the book itself.

The protagonist is a brilliant but inexperienced young mathematician, Patricia Luisa Vasquez. Vasquez functions as a sort of inverse dumb blonde, a late arrival on the Stone who needs to have everything explained to her at first so that her genius can take over and run things thereafter. Her background is signalled exclusively by a recurrent memory of her father reading a newspaper: nothing about being a woman, a Chicana, an educated Chicana from California; no previous consciousness of being an alien making her way through a gigantic and oppressive system. Her race and sex have nothing to do with her character or her outlook, and everything to do with marketing a big popular novel in America. She is, in

any case, more than supported by Gary Lambert, a handsome male lead, a corporation admin wizard but a rugged individualist too.

Once Vasquez is perceived as a cosmic device, all the foreign faces start to peel away. The Russians are stereotypes, permitted because America has a profound need for stereotype Russians. The principal Russian, Pavel Miskiv, sustains an American version of a Russian consciousness – lugubrious, heavily oppressed by political dogma – until impotence and factual education convert him to American-style liberalism and Thoreau-esque self-reliance. The Chinese are trickier, because America is obliged to be sensitive about them, so Bear makes the principal one a white woman born in China of British parents. She is characterized by charming and amusing slips in her English: a stereotype Chinese permittance because she doesn't look Chinese.

Attentively-plotted international turmoil hampers and jeopardizes exploration of the Stone while sparking the Fourth World War back on Earth, yet the characters' ostensible racial and ideological diversity does little to colour or differentiate their responses to increasingly overwhelming and alienating experiences. Everyone is united by science, which is glorified by Bear, as by Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Larry Niven and others, as a linear, progressive, liberating if not painless thing to do.

Politics, here, is that which snarls up science. "In its most crucial hour, the human race was represented by a team of blindly searching, hog-tied and gagged intellectuals." Nationalism and "security" are to blame. No matter that the scientists are also demonstrably psychologically blinded, socially hog-tied, emotionally gagged. As usual in this sort of SF, sex is a crisis. Sex intrudes, because Bear is uncomfortably aware that even an intellectual requires some sex to function efficiently, and so does the big popular novel, to function commercially.

SF novelists, most notably Olaf Stapledon, have managed a number of come by adopting remote and lofty viewpoints. But remoteness and loftiness are not commercial attitudes. Bear's narration is populist, thoroughly involved with his characters, figments too thin for anything other than romance, yet triumphing over the enormous unknown. What confronts them is future familiar, Lego utopia, geometric buildings clownily inhabited by simplified, reasonable people, each fully informed and fluently conversant about everything. There is danger, and more politics, as Bear understands politics, but no mess, and precious little misunderstanding. Science vanishes into magic. *The Wizard of Oz* is mentioned, but without irony, and Patricia Vasquez is given a magic wand with the power to take her home again. "It's a fairy tale", laughs one of her colleagues – in hysteria, because Bear can sense that, but can't face it.

Idiotic purity

Richard Deveson

MARK FRANKLAND
Richard Robertovich
 216pp. John Murray. £9.95.
 0719543304

Dostoevskian Idiots are probably thin enough even on their native ground, but an English Idiot in Russia must be a rare creature indeed. Richard Southwell isn't a decamped member of the Homintern, or even a member of the Party; he's a bedazzled idealist who takes his wife and children to Moscow with him in 1958, in the sincere belief that by participating in the noble, austere Soviet experiment he can help to make the world a better place. And yet it is the strength of Mark Frankland's sensitive novel that it renders this unlikely figure not only very believable but, in the end, unexpectedly attractive. Richard Robertovich (as he calls himself) is maddeningly guileless, self-deceiving and doomed; but in the midst of the corruptions and intimidations of Soviet life he retains a dignified, idiotic sort of purity.

The story is told through a collection of letters, about marriage and the Russian Revolution, mainly by Richard and by his friend Igor, who

understands Richard's predicament almost better than Richard does himself. Richard's wife goes back to England after several years of struggling with meatless meals and broken boilers, and he then falls in love with Irina, the wife of a rising apparatchik. Irina is Richard's wishful Russia, his dream and his undoing. All-knowing guardians from the KGB (or the like) move in to abort the adulterous scandal; "friends" close ranks against the lovers; the system will not be denied. "Our souls have a greater depth", one of the linguists says, in another Dostoevskian echo: "our spiritual burden is so much greater."

Frankland himself doesn't endorse this bit of dialectical contortism, but he does show tellingly how Soviet life can be comforting to a man like Richard: politics don't have to be worried about, because the guardians are seeing to that; money doesn't have to be grubbed for. Living can consist of the simple things (which are lyrically described): snow, wooden houses, trees, bread, glossy mushrooms, pink cloves of pickled garlic. And yet even in his final days of defeat, when he turns to comfort he would once have detested – the Easter service, *The Dream of Gerontius* – Richard hardly knows how happy life has been while it lasted.

Chopping and changing

Peter Kemp

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
The Garden of Eden
 247pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
 0241119987

It was once unkindly remarked of Hemingway that he attempted the impossible: he tried to be more virile than Gertrude Stein. *The Garden of Eden* – started in 1946 and worked on intermittently until his death in 1961 – dramatizes just such a struggle. In it, he-male masculinity competes with female mannishness.

Ever since Brett in his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, with her habit of talking like a lesbian telegram – "Give a chap a brandy and soda" – women who seemed partly male exerted a very strong hold on Hemingway's imagination. Especially spell-binding to him are girls who have had a short-back-and-sides. Brett has "hair brushed back like a boy's". Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms* wants to cut her hair as short as that of her lover Frederic. Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has hair that has been so severely cropped it resembles a beaver pelt. Apparently, Havelock Ellis's disquisitions on hair-fetishism made his *Erotic Symbolism* favourite reading for Hemingway.

Certainly, *The Garden of Eden* bristles with a fixation on female crew-cuts. Essentially, it's the story of a man who gives his wife the brush-off because she has her hair cut for the wrong reasons. Barbers' shops – in Cannes, Biarritz and Algiers/Morocco – play a surprisingly prominent role in the story. Hair length becomes of crucial significance – as does hair colour: one of

the ways the hero's wife murders their marriage is by insisting that he has his hair dyed. When the story opens, though, all seems idyllic. On honeymoon in the Midi are David and Catherine Bourne. She's rich. He's a brilliant writer and marvellous lover. Though the area around Algiers/Morocco proves short on the usual facilities the Hemingway hero requires to display his physical prowess (leg-rings, safari-trails, war-zones), there is a local canal which enables David to show off his sporting skills. Applauding his energy and expertise at fishing, with its "tragic violence", a by-stander gasps, "No one ever caught such fish with such tackle."

David's stern broodings about the need to achieve "the clarity" and "the dreadful true understanding" never let you forget that he is a serious author. His recently published second novel, even more masterly than his first, has won ecstatic reviews: "The reception was sensational". "The point was that the book could not have been better received". These appreciative press-notices cause ominous furies of irritation in Catherine. But the main warning signs that the honeymoon is souring centre less on his clippings than her croppings.

One night, after she has unexpectedly returned from the barber's with "a fine boy's haircut", David is startled to hear Catherine whisper to him in bed, "Will you change and be my girl and let me take you?" She now wishes, she informs him, to be addressed as "Peter"; his bedtime name, he learns with a shock, is to be "Catherine". "Where I'm holding you you are a girl". David grunts in an effort to preserve the proprieties, but his ambivalent male insists on role-swapping. Exactly what the implications of this are for their love-making remains

obscure: David merely divulges that their sex-life has become a matter of "dark things" and "devil things". A gruff prude, like most Hemingway males, he worries that he and Catherine are living "wildly and dangerously", and begins to fear that she could have homosexual tendencies. Catherine's ability to convince herself that her brawny, hirsute husband is a "beautiful lovely" girl would, you'd think, already indicate a lesbian drive of almost awesome proportions – and, soon enough, she's making sure that even David is left in no doubt about this.

Again, haircuts bring things to a head. A "handsome" girl, Maria, accosts Catherine to inquire where she got her scissored coiffure, then later turns up – identically cropped – announcing that she has become infatuated with the Bournes. After sleeping with each of them, she shows, he is relieved to discover, a wholesome preference for David, and starts to disport herself with decent womanliness in bed.

Catherine – by this stage outrageously parading her androgynousness all around Nice in flannel trousers and a shirt – now proves to be both bitch and bitch. To David's horror, she reveals a diabolic hatred of his writing. On one terrible occasion, she sneers at his adjectives. On another, she viciously maintains that "He makes mistakes in spelling and grammar." Finally, she incinerates his rave reviews and manuscripts in the bin – and, lest there should be any uncertainty about her witch-like status, stirs the ashes with a "broomstick".

Fortunately, Maria has by this time metamorphosed from Eton-cropped siren to the kind of sycophantic yes-woman the Hemingway male demands. When not admiring David's physique, she's adulating his fiction: "it's wonderful", "it moved me very deeply", etc. Thanks to this, as the novel ends, he is triumphantly re-writing, and even improving on, one of the short stories Catherine destroyed. This story – reproduced in full, and about the young David hunting an elephant

with his father – is in fact the best thing in the book. As always with Hemingway, his prose comes to life when dealing with death, physical pain and trauma. Though the story's intentions sometimes seem ambiguous, it is vividly direct in its portrayal of atrocity. The agonized beast is captured with sickening authenticity – as is the brutishness of its hunters ("Shoot him in the ear hole with a three oh three"). Tangible details stick in the memory: as when, after the animal's death, the boy scrapes off a sliver of its dried blood which resembles sealing wax; the souvenir melts messily in his pocket.

There is nothing of this quality anywhere else in *The Garden of Eden*. Initially, with its South-of-France setting, the book looks like a straying into Scott Fitzgerald. *Tender is the Night* territory. Soon, though, familiar Hemingway landmarks loom into view – such as the seemingly paradisaic but doomed sexual relationship. Stylistically, all the usual features are on show: the syntax sticking everything together by "and"; the tiny vocabulary pool and unventuresome adjectives – "green hills", "blue sea", "yellow sand"; the bluff conversational exchanges all couched in the same clipped idiom.

Hemingway's fiction often parades a kind of traveller's knowingsness by recelling out place and street names. Here, his alternative device for signalling that he is a seasoned knocker-around-Europe – the ostentatious serving up of foreign foodstuffs – is extensively deployed. He also strives – as he does in other novels – to invest his story with wide-ranging allegorical significance: "the happiness of the Garden that a man must lose" was how he saw his book's theme, it seems; "Devil" is one of Catherine's nicknames. What *The Garden of Eden* gives most insight into, though, is Hemingway's very personal world of dreams and nightmares; a world where virtually nothing is audible except that applause for his own achievements which he so constantly craved and those sneers at his prowess which he so interminably dreaded.

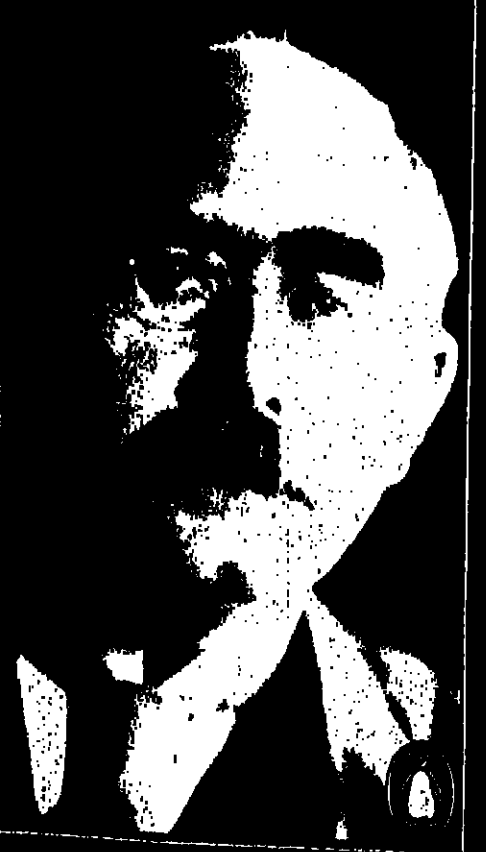
KIPLING

IN PENGUIN CLASSICS

Published on 2 January 1987

The Jungle Books £2.50
 Plain Tales from the Hills £2.50
 Life's Handicap £2.95
 A Diversity of Creatures £2.95
 Debt and Credit £2.95
 Traffics and Discoveries £2.95
 Dick of Poole's Hill £2.50
 The Just So Stories £1.95
 Something of Myself £3.95

"The most complete man of genius I have ever known"
 — Henry James



Also available
 Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work
 by Charles Carrington £4.95

Religious Art in France

The Late Middle Ages: A Study of Medieval Iconography and Its Sources

Emile Mâle

Edited by Harry Bober

Translated from the French by Marjorie Mathews

In the third volume of his monumental study on the iconography of French religious art, the great scholar Emile Mâle (1862-1954) turned to the late Middle Ages, when "the serene art of the thirteenth century was followed by the impassioned, sorrowful art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries." Confronted by Franciscan Christianity, painters and sculptors reacted to "poets who had the gift of tears," rather than to the "grave men nourished by doctrine" who had inspired artists of the 1200s. Viewing the reign of Charles VI as the beginning of the iconography of the late Middle Ages, Mâle focuses on the fifteenth century, but includes discussion of sixteenth-century works of art up to the final session of the Council of Trent in 1563.

Bollingen Series XC.3

278 halftones, 8 1/2 x 11", \$85.00

Anastasis

The Making of an Image

Anna O. Karlin

"This work is a most learned and refreshing study by an author who is widely read and is not confined to the outlook of a specialist, but rather succeeds in synthesizing the artistic and cultural heritages of Byzantium into a new integrative image. It represents a very significant contribution to medieval art history in general."

— Hans Belting, University of Munich

102 halftones, 8 1/2 x 11", \$57.50

The Ages of Man

Medieval Interpretations of the Life Cycle

Elizabeth Sears

"This work is a most learned and refreshing study by an author who is widely read and is not confined to the outlook of a specialist, but rather succeeds in synthesizing the artistic and cultural heritages of Byzantium into a new integrative image. It represents a very significant contribution to medieval art history in general."

— Hans Belting, University of Munich

98 halftones, 8 1/2 x 11", \$55.00

A new edition of the *Directory of Writers' Circles* is now available, price £2 post free, from the editor, Jill Dick, Oldacre, Horderns Park Road, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, SK12 6SY. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Laurence Pollard Ltd.

Small people

John Clute

PHILIP K. DICK
Humpty Dumpty in Oakland
199pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0575038756

Some of the novels written by Philip K. Dick in the 1950s have appeared recently for the first time, from Gollancz and other houses. Research into his manuscripts by his executors has shown that, between 1960 and 1962, Dick wrote at least four of the half-dozen novels for which he will be remembered (afterwards came overt mental distress, intermittent creative penks, financial success and early death). The reader of science fiction will already be familiar with *The Man in the High Castle*, *Martian Time Slip* and *Dr Bloodmoney* (the two latter titles being so misleadingly garish that academics have concentrated almost solely on *High Castle*). The fourth title from that extraordinary period of compulsive creative frenzy is *Humpty Dumpty in Oakland*, the book in which Dick reaches the end of his tether as an inhabitant of a region of the American continent; it also attests to a deep, damaged involvement in the American Dream. Within months, he would begin translating his nightmares into our future.

The region is California, where the Frontier benches on the Pacific, and the Wilderness, no longer somewhere West, turns inward to invade the bewildered heart of the citizen. Elderly Jim Fergesson sells his garage, and prepares to invest his savings in a new development. The much younger Al Miller, a used-car dealer who rents space from Fergesson, feels confusedly that Fergesson will be cheated by Chris Harman, the local entrepreneur. But neither Fergesson nor Miller have any chance of coping with the complex surges and drives of a secular world. Words entrap them, bodily functions daze them, passions bemuse them

utterly. Although he seems to dance to the tall tales he tells, Miller neither understands the tune nor follows the story. He only knows that he is trapped in words – in threats, conspiracies, lies, complexities beyond his grasp – just as he is trapped in California.

Jim Fergesson dies finally, after several chapters that masterfully capture the deliriums generated by his failing mind, his sullen blood-starved body; and Al Miller, convinced that his hysterical scamming has brought a mob down on him, lights out for Salt Lake City, where he is arrested, brought back to California and freed humiliatingly into an almost totally indecipherable world – for he has understood nothing of what has been happening. "You just a humpty dumpty", a black friend and survivor tells him as the novel closes. For such as Al Miller in Oakland there is no centre to hold to, no Frontier to explore. He has become detritus.

Philip K. Dick was himself a Californian, and all his life identified with the "small" people of his world, whose numb inadequacies he portrays with an abiding gallows humour. Pawns in incomprehensible games – repairmen, car-salesmen, potters – occupy the foreground of this book and of his major SF novels. His "large" protagonists, men like Chris Harman, may grapple stercorously with the real world, though in the SF books they fail just as thoroughly at the end to keep events from getting out of hand. *Humpty Dumpty in Oakland* overrides its occasional moments of scatty irresolution to read as a sustained memorial vignette of the final days of America's innocence, in which it is the small people who are seen to bear the cost of surviving into the present. It is indeed a very contemporary book, this tale of devouring nescience. In their anomic, their bewildered souredness, their moments of fragile decency, and in their need to believe the next story they think they understand, Dick's small people are surely current in his land.

Romance on the Stone

Colin Greenland

GREG BEAR
Eon
504pp. Gollancz. £10.95.
0575038616

With 150,000 words under a title denoting eternity, Greg Bear attempts the category of Big Science Fiction: commercially successful big novels about big things. The big thing here is an asteroid which appears without warning and moves into an evidently purposeful orbit around Earth and the Moon. Apparently derided, the asteroid – America calls it the Stone, Russia the Potato, China the Whale – holds unequivocal evidence that it was fitted out for space travel by human hands. The hands were of our world, but not of our epoch, not even of our universe.

Compound paradox provides *Eon* with a perspective sequence of locations each larger than the one before. Much drama might be set on an asteroid three hundred kilometres long and about the same around; more inside a hollow one; more still when the interior contains seven separate cylindrical chambers, some lined with cities or inexplicable machinery, and when explorers from different nations and alliances claim or are confined to parts of each; yet more when the seventh chamber discloses a space-war that in itself necessitates a whole new expedition, and then gives access to an infinity of other universes.

Despite its title, what is big about Bear's novel is its scale, in space rather than time. The principal action happens within a few months, with an apparatus of prologues and epilogues, contextual parentheses a dozen years apart. In the penultimate piece of epilogue one of the characters, observing that some of the "Stoners" are remarkably aged, announces his intention of becoming even more remarkably so. He it is who introduces the word "eon", which has an imposing ring to it, at once classical and scientific, and suits the vogue for short single-word titles on fat popular novels; but what it means lies largely outside the scope of the book itself.

The protagonist is a brilliant but inexperienced young mathematician, Patricia Luisa Vasquez. Vasquez functions as a sort of inverse dumb blonde, a late arrival on the Stone who needs to have everything explained to her at first so that her genius can take over and run things thereafter. Her background is signalled exclusively by a recurrent memory of her father reading a newspaper: nothing about being a woman, a Chicana, an educated Chicana from California; no previous consciousness of being an alien making her way through a gigantic and oppressive system. Her race and sex have nothing to do with her character or her outlook, and everything to do with marketing a big popular novel in America. She is, in

any case, more than supported by Garry Lanier, a handsome male lead, a corporation admin wizard but a rugged individualist too.

Once Vasquez is perceived as a cosmic device, all the foreign faces start to peel away. The Russians are stereotypes, permitted because America has a profound need for stereotype Russians. The principal Russian, Pavel Mirsky, sustains the American's version of a Russian consciousness – lugubrious, heavily oppressed by political dogma – until impatience and factual education convert him to American-style liberalism and Thoreauesque self-reliance. The Chinese are trickier, because America is obliged to be sensitive about them, so Bear makes the principal one a white woman born in China of British parents. She is characterized by charming and amusing slips in her English: a stereotype Chinese permissible because she doesn't look Chinese.

Attentively-plotted international turmoil hampers and jeopardizes exploration of the Stone while sparking the Fourth World War back on Earth, yet the characters' ostensible racial and ideological diversity does little to colour or differentiate their responses to increasingly overwhelming and alienating experiences. Everyone is united by science, which is glorified by Bear, as by Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Larry Niven and others, as a linear, progressive, liberating if not painless thing to do.

Politics, here, is that which smarts up science. "In its most crucial hour, the human race was represented by a team of blindly searching, hog-tied and gagged intellectuals." Nationalism and "security" are to blame. No matter that the scientists are also demonstrably psychologically blinded, socially hog-tied, emotionally gagged. As usual in this sort of SF, sex is a crisis. Sex intrudes: because Bear is uncomfortably aware that even an intellectual requires some sex to function efficiently, and so does the big popular novel, to function commercially.

SF novelists, most notably Olaf Stapledon, have managed narratives of cons by adopting remote and lofty viewpoints. But remoteness and loftiness are not commercial attitudes. Bear's narration is populist, thoroughly involved with his characters, figments too flimsy for anything other than romance, yet triumphing over the enormous unknown. What confronts them is future familiar, Lego utopia, geometric buildings cleanly inhabited by simplified, reasonable people, each fully informed and fluently conversant about everything. There is danger, and more politics, as Bear understands politics, but no mess, and precious little misunderstanding. Science vanishes into magic. *The Wizard of Oz* is mentioned, but without irony, and Patricia Vasquez is given a magic wand with the power to take her home again. "It's a fairy tale", laughs one of her colleagues – in hysteria, because Bear can sense that, but can't face it.

Idiotic purity

Richard Deveson

MARK FRANKLAND
Richard Robertovich
216pp. John Murray. £9.95.
0719543304

Dostoevskyan Idiots are probably thin enough even on their native ground, but an English Idiot in Russia must be a rare creature indeed. Richard Southwell isn't a decamped member of the Homintern, or even a member of the Party; he's a bedazzled idealist who takes his wife and children to Moscow with him in 1958, in the sincere belief that by participating in the noble, austere Soviet experiment he can help to make the world a better place. And yet it is the strength of Mark Frankland's sensitive novel that it renders this unlikely figure not only very believable but, in the end, unexpectedly attractive. Richard Robertovich (as he calls himself) is maddeningly gulleible, self-deceiving and doomed, but in the midst of the corruptions and intimidations of Soviet life he retains a dignified, idiotic sort of purity.

The story is told through a collection of letters, short memoirs, and reflections, written mainly by Richard and by his friend Igor, who

understands Richard's predicament almost better than Richard does himself. Richard's wife goes back to England after several years of struggling with meatless meals and broken boilers, and he then falls in love with Irina, the wife of a rising apparatchik. Irina is Richard's wishful Russia, his dream and his undoing. All-knowing guardians from the KGB (or the like) move in to abort the adulterous scandal; "friends" close ranks against the lovers; the system will not be denied. "Our souls have a greater depth", one of the inquisitors says, in another Dostoevskyan echo; "our spiritual burden is so much greater."

Frankland himself doesn't endorse this bit of dialectical contortionism, but he does show tellingly how Soviet life can be comforting to a man like Richard: politics don't have to be worried about, because the guardians are seeing to that; money doesn't have to be grubbed for. Living can consist of the simple things (which are lyrically described): snow, wooden houses, trees, bread, glossy mushrooms, pink cloves of pickled garlic. And yet even in his final days of defeat, when he turns to comfort he would once have detested – the Easter service, *The Dream of Gerontius* – Richard hardly knows how to deny the life he has found in a world that is, in the complexity of the truth, Sciascia

Chopping and changing

Peter Kemp

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
The Garden of Eden
247pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
024111987

It was once unkindly remarked of Hemingway that he attempted the impossible: he tried to be more virile than Gertrude Stein. *The Garden of Eden* – started in 1946 and worked on intermittently until his death in 1961 – dramatizes just such a struggle. In it, he-male masculinity competes with female mannishness.

Ever since Brett in his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, with her habit of talking like a lesbian telegram – "Give a chap a brandy and soda" – women who seemed partly male exerted a very strong hold on Hemingway's imagination. Especially spell-binding to him are girls who have had a short-back-and-sides. Brett has "hair brushed back like a boy's". Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms* wants to cut her hair as short as that of her lover Frederic. Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has hair that has been so severely cropped it resembles a beaver pelt. Apparently, Havelock Ellis's disquisitions on hair-fetishism made his *Erotic Symbolism* favourite reading for Hemingway.

Certainly, *The Garden of Eden* bristles with a fixation on female crew-cuts. Essentially, it's the story of a man who gives his wife the brush-off because she has her hair cut for the wrong reasons. Barbers' shops – in Cannes, Biarritz and Algiers Moros – play a surprisingly prominent role in the story. Hair length becomes of crucial significance – as does hair colour: one of

the ways the hero's wife murders their marriage is by insisting that he has his hair dyed.

When the story opens, though, all seems idyllic. On honeymoon in the Midi are David and Catherine Bourne. She's rich. He's a brilliant writer and marvellous lover. Though the area around Algiers Moros proves short on the usual facilities the Hemingway hero requires to display his physical prowess (bull-rings, safari-trails, war-zones), there is a local canal which enables David to show off his sporting skills. Applauding his energy and expertise at fishing, with its "tragic violence", a by-stander gasps, "No one ever caught such fish with such tackle."

David's stern broodings about the need to achieve "the clarity" and "the dreadful true understanding" never let you forget that he is a serious author. His recently published second novel, even more masterly than his first, has won ecstatic reviews: "The reception was sensational". "The point was that the book could not have been better received". These appreciative press-notice cause ominous flurries of irritation in Catherine. But the main warning signs that the honeymoon is souring centre less on his clippings than her croppings.

One night, after she has unexpectedly returned from the barber's with "a fine boy's haircut", David is startled to hear Catherine whisper to him in bed, "Will you change and be my girl and let me take you?" She now wishes, she informs him, to be addressed as "Peter"; his bedtime name, he learns with a shock, is to be "Catherine". "Where I'm holding you you are a girl", David grunts in an effort to preserve the proprieties, but his ambivalent mate insists on role-swapping. Exactly what the implications of this are for their love-making remains

comes at the truth from odd angles – a child responding to the events of 1943-6; a Sicilian soldier escaping the sulphur mines and going to fight for the Nationalists in Spain; a simple

up to in making a pact with Hitler – and so manages to pin it down where other writers would be seduced by local colour or the exigencies of plot or the value of their own ideas. But he needs good translators. N. S. Thompson does an excellent job in places, but is also prone to salt lapses.

The end of the first story is a case in point. It deals with the narrator's aunt, who has settled in America, who during the war helps her sister's family with food and clothing, and then, when it is over, returns for a visit with her husband, young son and twenty-year-old daughter. The adolescent narrator develops a crush for the girl, who lets him take her out for walks so that she can smoke unseen by her tyrannical mother. At the end it turns out that the trip was planned not just for the sake of the growing over the poor Sicilian relations but also to find a husband for the girl from the old place. The boy's ne'er-do-well Fascist-sympathizing uncle is selected, and the last scene takes place at the station as the Sicilian family watch the others leave for the riches and pleasures of the New World. The boy, bitterly hurt by what he takes as a betrayal, mutters to himself: "la pena mia é che camperà cornuto".

The mother looks at him in horror and the father clouts him over the head. The English, "The trouble is, she'll be unfaithful", is not only horribly stilted but makes nonsense of the parents' reaction, which is obviously less to the sentiment than to its crude expression. In the Italian the words, thrust forward from the boy's unconscious and clearly the result of his frustration rather than any prophetic power, nevertheless suddenly seem to speak a truth not just about the girl, but about the entire post-war era and about America. We go on thinking about them, about the girl, the uncle and the child, wondering what will indeed become of them all. Only that which is precise can be resonant, as Eliot said. Sciascia has always known it and known how to act on it.

A new edition of the *Directory of Writers' Circles* is now available, price £2 post free, from the editor, Jill Dick, Oldacre, Horderns Park Road, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire SK12 6SV. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Laurence Poulting Ltd.

obscure: David merely divulges that their sex-life has become a matter of "dark things" and "devil things". A gruff prude, like most Hemingway males, he worries that he and Catherine are living "wildly and dangerously", and begins to fear that she could have homosexual tendencies. Catherine's ability to convince herself that her brawny, hirsute husband is a "beautiful lovely" girl would, you'd think, already indicate a lesbian drive of almost awesome proportions – and, soon enough, she's making sure that even David is left in no doubt about this.

Again, haircuts bring things to a head. A "handsome" girl, Maria, accosts Catherine to inquire where she got her scissored coiffure, then later turns up – identically cropped – announcing that she has become infatuated with the Bournes. After sleeping with each of them, she shows, he is relieved to discover, a wholesome preference for David, and starts to disport herself with decent womanliness in bed.

Catherine – by this stage outrageously parading her androgynousness all around Nice in flannel trousers and a shirt – now proves to be both bitch and bitch. To David's horror, she reveals a diabolic hatred of his writing. On one terrible occasion, she sneers at his adjectives. On another, she viciously maintains that "He makes mistakes in spelling and grammar." Finally, she incinerates his rave reviews and manuscripts in the bin – and, lest there should be any uncertainty about her witch-like status, stirs the ashes with a "broomstick".

Fortunately, Maria has by this time metamorphosed from Eton-cropped siren to the kind of sycophantic yes-woman the Hemingway male demands. When not admiring David's physique, she's adulating his fiction: "it's wonderful", "it moved me very deeply", etc. Thanks to this, as the novel ends, he is triumphantly re-writing, and even improving on, one of the short stories Catherine destroyed. This story – reproduced in full, and about the young David hunting an elephant

with his father – is in fact the best thing in the book. As always with Hemingway, his prose comes to life when dealing with death, physical pain and trauma. Though the story's intentions sometimes seem ambiguous, it is vividly direct in its portrayal of atrocity. The agonized creature captured with sickening authenticity – as is the brutishness of its hunters ("Shoot him in the ear hole with a three oh three"). Tangible details stick in the memory: as when, after the animal's death, the boy scrapes off a sliver of its dried blood which resembles sealing wax; the souvenir melts messily in his pocket.

There is nothing of this quality anywhere else in *The Garden of Eden*. Initially, with its South-of-France setting, the book looks like a straying into Scott Fitzgerald, *Tender is the Night* territory. Soon, though, familiar Hemingway landmarks loom into view – such as the seemingly paradisaical but doomed sexual relationship. Stylistically, all the usual features are on show: the syntax sticking everything together by "and"; the tiny vocabulary pool and unventuresome adjectives – "green hills", "blue sea", "yellow sand"; the bluff conversational exchanges all couched in the same clipped idiom.

Hemingway's fiction often parades a kind of traveller's knowingsness by reeling out place and street names. Here, his alternative device for signalling that he is a seasoned knock-around-Europe – the ostentatious serving up of foreign foodstuffs – is extensively deployed. He also strives – as he does in other novels – to invest his story with wide-ranging allegorical significance: "the happiness of the Garden that a man must lose" was how he saw his book's theme, it seems; "Devil" is one of Catherine's nicknames. What *The Garden of Eden* gives most insight into, though, is Hemingway's very personal world of dreams and nightmares: a world where virtually nothing is audible except that applause for his own achievements which he so constantly craved and those sneers at his prowess which he so interminably dreaded.

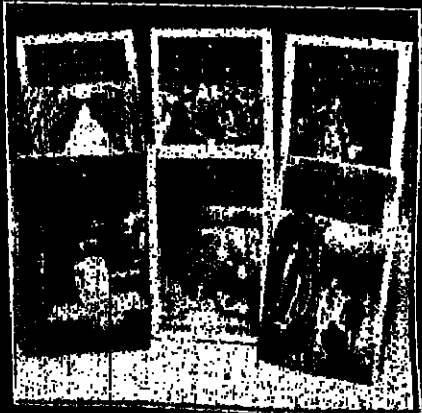
KIPLING

IN PENGUIN CLASSICS

Published on 2 January 1987

The Jungle Books £2.50
Plain Tales from the Hills £2.50
Life's Handicap £2.95
A Diversity of Creatures £2.95
Debts and Credits £2.95
Traffic and Discoveries £2.95
Pick of Pook's Hall £2.50
The Last Six Stories £1.95
Something of Myself £3.95

"The most complete man of genius I have ever known"
— Henry James



Also available
Rudyard Kipling: The Complete Works
in Penguin Classics £19.95

Inner circles of the imagination

David Robey

PETER DRONKE
Dante and Medieval Latin Traditions
153pp. Cambridge University Press. £19.50.
0521 321522

As often happens with poets' statements about their own work, the partial commentary on *Paradiso* attributed to Dante himself, in the letter to his patron Can Grande della Scala, comes as a disappointment to anyone who hopes to find in it the key to the poem's interpretation. By distinguishing between the literal and allegorical subjects of the *Divine Comedy*, this much-discussed text lends considerable support to the everlasting urge on the part of scholars to find hidden meanings in the poem, but gives only the vaguest indication of what such meanings might be. The *Comedy's* allegorical subject is defined as "man according as by his merits or demerits in the exercise of his free will he is deserving of reward or punishment by justice". Like most if not all subsequent attempts at the allegorical interpretation of the poem, this formula is an utterly inadequate account of the real complexity of its content.

The letter to Can Grande in particular, and the allegorical interpretation of the *Comedy* in

general, are both central interests of Peter Dronke's book. He puts forward a new and persuasive argument against the attribution of the letter to Dante, on the grounds that it does not employ the conventional rhetorical cadences, the *curtus* of medieval rhetoric, that characterize the poet's principal Latin writings. But his more important point is that any allegorical interpretation, whether by the poet himself or anyone else, tends to reduce the meaning of the *Comedy* to commonplaces and to fail to "do justice to the stature of Dante's imagination". Instead, in his introductory chapter Dronke points to alternative conceptions of literary meaning in earlier medieval writers (notably Alan of Lille, Geoffrey of Vinsauf, Boncompagni and the Chartres Platonist William of Conches), expressed in terms such as image, metaphor, symbol, hidden comparison. Such conceptions, he argues, help to provide a better account of the "inner imaginative processes" that the *Comedy* represents, even if they only take us part of the way to understanding them.

The bulk of the book is made up of discussions of three individual cantos, *Inferno* xxx, *Purgatorio* xxxii and *Paradiso* x. In their different ways all three discussions take up the argument of the introductory chapter, though not on the whole systematically. The first, on the giants at the bottom of Dante's Hell, fo-

cuses on their dramatic properties, which Dronke characterizes as a kind of awesome comedy ("furchtbare Komik"), rather than on their presumed allegorical significance; but the chapter also deals with a variety of other topics in the canto. The second, and probably the most controversial for the majority of readers, argues against the usual reading of the "phantasmagoria" in the Earthly Paradise, as an allegory of the poet's views on Church and Empire: instead Dronke's thesis is that the various figures which appear to Dante are a "hidden comparison", as conceived by Geoffrey of Vinsauf, representing the inner, personal experience of the poet in addition to his political ideas. The third, on Dante's arrival in the circle of the Sun, concentrates on his "central thought" in the canto, the "unity of knowledge and love", and, among other things, on the imagery that is used to express this thought.

All three of these chapters seem to have originated as contributions to the *lectura Dantis* genre, and as such they are outstanding: few critics or scholars could equal Dronke's combination of wide-ranging learning, originality and sense for poetic effect. Taken as a whole, the book is also an exciting and authoritative invitation to rethink the interpretation of the *Comedy* in its entirety, with a view to arriving at a new and better account of its poetic properties. However, the three central

chapters, as Dronke himself says, are only "fragments of what would be ideally a more extended enquiry", and their argument is not wholly satisfying, especially, perhaps, to those who agree strongly with his criticism of allegorical interpretation.

The problem is that the alternative approach he puts forward may not seem that much of an improvement; not, at least, in the chapter which illustrates it most extensively, on *Purgatorio* xxxii. Dronke's reinterpretation of Dante's "phantasmagoria" is fascinatingly ingenious, but it is open to the same objections as the sort of allegorical interpretation he criticizes: that it is a highly speculative addition to the text's content, and that the meaning it postulates is not of a very significant kind. For the added content he finds in Dante's images—the tree, the eagle, the griffin, the chariot and the monster—amounts to little more than a complicated restatement, in metaphorical or figurative terms, of emotions in Dante the character that are expressed quite clearly enough at the literal level of the text: his shame over his past misdeeds and waste of his poetic talents, his desire to ascend heavenwards, his sense of renewal. While this multiplication of hidden meanings adds a degree of human interest to the episode, there are, surely, more complex and subtle ways of doing justice to the *Comedy's* poetic properties.

Weight worn lightly

A. J. Minnis

W. T. H. JACKSON
The Challenge of the Medieval Text: Studies in genre and interpretation
Edited by Joan M. Ferrante and Robert W. Hanning
246pp. Columbia University Press. \$34.
0231 05971
Edited and completed by Douglas Gray
496pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £25.
0198122144

Redde quod debes: render what you owe! Langland's injunction is clearly apposite to these books. Indeed, Douglas Gray, who has edited and completed the late J. A. W. Bennett's contribution to the Oxford History of English Literature, quotes it in his generous preface. J. M. Ferrante and R. W. Hanning originally planned their collection of essays by W. T. H. Jackson to mark his retirement; his death in May 1983 transformed it into a memorial volume. In both books substantial debts have been repaid, with interest.

Jackson's strengths as a teacher and scholar, say his editors, lay in the breadth of his interests and "the range of his perspectives, in his willingness to confront each work on its terms, rather than on his". Such gifts are manifested by these writings on a wide range of topics from medieval German, French and Latin literature. Jackson wears his learning lightly to produce weighty criticism, which eschews excessively intellectual or moralistic approaches and instead offers its own kind of sophistication, a kind which is particularly responsive to literary posturing, playfulness and discrepancy. Sometimes one wants to question him further (as when he avoids the fact that Andreas Capellanus does on occasion seem to condone adultery), sometimes a pronouncement or distinction fails to satisfy (for instance, his contrast between "allegory" and "allegorizing") and sometimes one sees the ghosts of things not dreamed of in his philosophy. But the elegance and ease of Jackson's comparative analysis are most impressive. One comes away from the book thinking that being taught by him would have been delightful.

Bennett's book manages to be at once thoroughly comprehensive and highly personal. Professor Gray has indeed left his forbear's "opinions (and his prejudices) untouched", as he sought to do. As a guide to Middle English literature, Bennett is genial, witty, highly opinionated, and on occasion frankly puzzled. His critical observations sometimes attain the

quite predictably, excellent. Gower is presented as a poet of understatement and muted humour who goes out of his way to avoid surprise or shock. Though the "Medieval Ovid" was a profound influence on *Confessio Amantis*, its author's watchword is peace rather than passion—hence Bennett's wonderful characterization of Gower as "the poet of early dawn and nights steeped in silence". In *Piers Plowman*, Bennett there is "none of the flood tides of the Reformation". For him, Langland is "the most Catholic of poets", who gives "orthodoxy a dynamic power, restating it in human terms". In sharp contrast, "Wyclif's orthodoxy weakened"—and Bennett cannot forgive him for that: "In his opinionated and humourless argumentativeness, as well as in more fundamental ways, Wyclif anticipates the operations of what has come to be called the Nonconformist conscience." Similarly, the Lollards are described as intemperate railers who, among other failures, struggled with no great success to adapt Latin scholastic language to vernacular use.

But to single out Wyclif and the Lollards for special condemnation is surely inappropriate. In the first instance, one should recall the insights regularly exchanged by the participants in theological controversies (mendicant poverty being a good example) which predate Wyclif, or indeed the abusive language employed by

Wyclif's opponents. Secondly, the Lollards were not alone in struggling to translate scholastic language into the vernacular. Evidence of such verbal wrestling is also afforded by Chaucer's Boethius, Usk's *Testament of Love*, Trevisa's *Dialogus*, and (to move into the fifteenth century, admittedly beyond Bennett's brief) *Dives et Pauper* or Bishop Pecock's single-handed attempt to create an English philosophical and theological corpus which moreover, at one point Bennett seems to be accusing Wyclif of being too abstruse as a thinker, which is rather like accusing a racing driver of going too fast: super-subtlety was the stock-in-trade of fourteenth-century schoolmen. In sum, it would seem that Wyclif and his followers have not been given their due.

Less predictable, perhaps, but none the less impressive for that, is Bennett's gift for cogent summarizing of medieval narratives. Romances like *Sir Amadace*, *Libeaus Desconus* and *The Avowing of Arthur* come across as the ripping (and sometimes ridiculous) yarns that they are. The account of *The Bruce* is a high point. "Barbour had a superb story to tell", affirms Bennett, and his enthusiasm is infectious. "We are put alongside the characters throughout; in their discomforts and perils as well as their feats of arms." We certainly are, in Bennett's lively paraphrase. On occasion, however, his gifts as a raconteur carry him away, as in the statement that "Malory early

reached print because Caxton was looking for a big fat book to show what his new press could do." That is to make history into Romance rather than to write the history of Romance.

In what sense, indeed, can this book be called a "history"? There is little attempt to relate the literary works to the social, intellectual and cultural contexts which (some would say) define their significance. Moreover, the choice of genre as the main principle of organization—which generally works very well, infinite riches being revealed in a little room—seems to have entailed some lack of attention to such contextualizing matters as local issues and conditions, dialect, and manuscript provenance. Little is known of the author or context of *The Owl* and the *Nightingale*, as Bennett says, but where such information is available more use might well have been made of it. One wonders why, for instance, no account was taken of Eric Dobson's remarkable detective work on the origins of *Ancrene Wisse*. But the strengths of this survey of Middle English texts—for such it is—are many and various. I know of no better book to put into the hands of anyone wishing to be introduced to the rich array of fourteenth-century English literature (Chaucer excepted). It will deservedly be a standard work for many years to come, and should weather well, thanks to the judicious way in which it has been written and compiled. All lovers of the subject owe Professors Bennett and Gray a considerable debt.

Deep in the Danish past

Bridget Morris

Saagen om Bjovulf
Translated by Andreas Haarder
166pp. Copenhagen: G.E.C. Gad
8712349518

If J. R. R. Tolkien has been the guide of English responses to *Beowulf*, N. F. S. Grundtvig has done the same for Danish responses. It was Grundtvig—poet, theologian, educationalist, antiquarian and, it can be said, shaper of present-day Denmark—who produced the first modern translation of the Anglo-Saxon poem in 1820, and who first drew attention to its great artistry and poetic merit, and identified many of the lines of interpretation which were to be taken up by later critics. Since Grundtvig's translation, four further translations into Danish have appeared, to which Andreas Haarder's is a welcome addition.

Haarder's name became known to English readers with the publication, in 1973, of *Beowulf: The Appeal of a Poem*, in which he

disengaged himself from several decades of Beowulf scholarship and offered an ingenious and fresh appreciation of the work. He believes that an understanding of myths and legends concerning Scandinavia's past lies deep in the Danish consciousness, which helps explain why the Danish *Beowulf* tradition is unique in having a marked "folklike" appeal, making it easily accessible to readers at all levels. In his own characteristically informal yet informed style, he gives in the brief introduction to his translation an outline of the history of the poem: in which he brings Denmark's role to the fore, emphasizing the Danish characteristics of the poem's setting as well as the beginnings, in Denmark, of the modern revival in *Beowulf* scholarship. The translation (which does not include the Finnsburg Fragment) is throughout a faithful version of the original text. To help his readers through the narrative, Haarder gives a short summary before each "song", which acts as a breathing space and reading point. He is conscious of the oral tradition which lies behind the poem, adopting an intuitive measure of

four principal stresses and preserving the alliterative patterns, which lends the translation the rhythmic strength and sonority of the original. He is also sensitive to *Beowulf's* variations of style and tempo. There are consistently literal renderings of the compounds and kennings, the more unwieldy and obscure of which may baffle the general reader, even if they do give a flavour of the original poem. No translation can ever capture the vocabulary and the full range of registers of the Anglo-Saxon masterpiece, but Haarder works well to turn its richness into a diction which is neither colloquial nor archaic.

The word-for-word translation, however, is not undertaken at the expense of the poetry. With Grundtvig, Haarder views the poem as a living entity which transcends national and temporal barriers. He understands Grundtvig's assertion that the work of art must be melted down by its translator before it can be fashioned anew. Unlike Grundtvig, Haarder does not repeat the poem into a completely new mould, but remains faithful to it both in letter and in spirit.

Metaphor and metamorphosis

Stephen Bann

CLAUDE GANDELMAN
Le Regard dans le texte: Image et écriture du Quattrocento au XXe siècle
199pp. Paris: Klincksieck.
286563 131 1
PENNY FLORENCE
Mallarmé, Manet and Redon: Visual and aural signs and the generation of meaning
167pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.
0521 305705

Over the past few years the barrier between visual and verbal forms of communication has come to seem less of a stumbling-block than hitherto. Indeed it has come to appear a challenge and an opportunity. The development of interdisciplinary practices in the Humanities, and the diffusion of semiotic and semiological modes of analysis, have both succeeded in drawing attention to the many different areas where visual and verbal signs work in conjunction. Both of these studies are extremely valuable in demonstrating that such an approach need not be confined to marginal areas and peripheral problems. If the geography of the disciplines depends on well-established lines of demarcation, it has to accommodate from time to time the emergence of a new site, from

which the old issues look refreshingly novel.

Claude Gandelman proves this point in a series of virtuoso essays which range broadly over the culture of East and West, from ancient Egypt to the present day. Each of his investigations is meticulously carried out, with a sure but unobtrusive use of semiotic method and an impressive mastery of the very diverse source materials. Appropriately enough, the conduct of the argument gains a great deal from the clever use of illustrations and in particular from the apposite line-drawings and diagrams. These enable us to trace without undue effort such themes as the identification of sight and touch in one symbol, from the hieroglyph to the experimental data of "speed reading", and the pictorial gesture of witness ("ostension") from the Renaissance painting to the modern recruiting poster ("I Want You for US Army"). Ingenious as these cross-cultural investigations undoubtedly are, they are also highly illuminating in the way that they suggest an alternative genealogy for some of the accepted features of contemporary culture. One of Gandelman's most fascinating essays deals with the "Jansenist" painting of Philippe de Champaigne, in which Hebrew texts from the Old Testament advocating a prohibition on images are incorporated in New Testament scenes which show Christ's encounters with the Jews. The final reference to Kandinsky, also involved in "de-iconization" for spiritual

reasons, is not presented as a historical sequel to the Jansenist experience. But it does very effectively contextualize the conflict between figuration and non-figuration as a dynamic principle working in religious painting.

A simpler theme which Gandelman manages to make no less engrossing is the graphic art, or caricature, produced by two of the foremost writers of the Modern Movement, Kafka and Proust. Readers of Proust, in particular, must often have wondered why the visual images chosen to accompany his text, whether by contemporary artists or by artists of the *belle époque*, seem so singularly inappropriate. These remarkable and little-known drawings by Proust himself, which are kept with his manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale, provide a part of the answer. For Proust does not sketch, or invent, a likeness. He translates into vivid, graphic form some of the dominant visual metaphors through which his "characters" are constructed: the myth that the *Guermantes* had as their ancestor a legendary swan becomes the pretext for a hybrid of bird and aristocrat that would not have looked out of place among the drawings of Edward Lear, while the Baron de Charlus is characterized by a precise visual equivalent to that "triangle convulsif et frappant" which the narrator sees in his face. Most of Gandelman's identifications are avowedly conjectural. But the point that Proust's visual imagination worked hand in hand with his use of metaphor and metamorphosis is convincingly made.

Some of the best sections of Penny Florence's *Mallarmé, Manet and Redon* are concerned with a similar elucidation of the visual palimpsests of a late nineteenth-century artist: in this case, the bizarre series of images and texts produced by Odilon Redon under the title *Les Origines*. It is worth noting that Gandelman sees a Cubist influence in Proust's decidedly unconventional style of draughtsmanship, while Florence legitimately reads back into Redon's complex images the superimpositions and shifts in perspective that Cub-

ism was later to bring about in less discreet a fashion. Yet Florence's study is otherwise very different in emphasis from Gandelman's wide-ranging enquiry. It concentrates on Mallarmé, as poet and critic of contemporary painting, in relation to the visual practices of both Redon and Manet. As an essay in method, it is at once more ambitious and more tentative. It uses the keyboard of semiotics to set up a whole series of different resonances—historical, cultural and ideological—but too many of these remain on the level of suggestion, rather than of demonstration.

The reader should in fact be warned that the first substantial chapter, entitled "A new problematic of the imaginary", is the least satisfactory of all. It begins with a series of lengthy texts on painting by Mallarmé, valuable in themselves but taxing to the reader because of the tiny print. Possibly because it reflects the long gestation of the book, it makes relatively little of these important texts, concentrating instead on a highly allusive treatment of the different critical attitudes to Mallarmé over recent years.

After this *selva oscura*, the book gets much better. With more clearly defined materials in view, the author is able to narrow and intensify her analysis, making excellent use of semiotic concepts like "ostension" to draw connections between the paintings of Manet and Whistler, and the poems of Mallarmé: Freud's brief but suggestive paper on "A mythological parallel to a visual obsession" is employed to introduce a really penetrating investigation of the images of Redon, once again in close conjunction with the reading of Mallarmé. In writing about "Un Coup de Dés", she returns to more well-trodden ground. But the idea of considering this elusive work in conjunction with Redon's unpublished illustrations pays off handsomely. Of the final short chapter, on "Gender-in-signification", it is hard to say as much. The question of the feminine in Mallarmé's work floats tantalizingly—perhaps a promise of "un livre futur"?

insightful... and timely.

Those who have marvelled at Ionesco's radical experimentalism may not realize that his mature work was actually a toning-down of the much more ferocious radicalism of his youth. At twenty-two he was still in Bucharest. He had read widely, but unsystematically. His intuitions and emotions were surprisingly deep, varied and precise for such a young man, and he had an incredible self-confidence and capacity for challenging whatever was accepted. His first book was called simply "No" and more than half of it is a calm and relentless demolition of some of Romania's greatest living writers. These (Arghezi, Barbu, Camil Petrescu) were not venerable traditionalists, but the shining lights of the Modernist wave, often resented for their novelty. Yet in 1934 Ionesco saw in their works the outlines of an emergent canon, and immediately set about subverting it. In the book he is paradoxical, violent and unjust, but also brilliant and amusing, and above all right on the broader issues, even when he is being prejudiced on specific ones.

To repair some of these local injustices the present French translation is accompanied by two critical essays (by Eugen Simion and Ileana Gregori), by the translator's notes and by a generous introductory disclaimer from Ionesco himself. Here he makes the melancholy observation that the fifty years that have elapsed have turned a text that was intended as a critique of the (normal) vicissitudes of any literary commonwealth into a celebration of a society brimming with freedom, variety, and creative ferment. This is only to some extent an effect of nostalgia, and much more a result of the dreary and stupefying dictatorship that has kept hold of Romania over the past four decades.

The interest of the book is not primarily historical, however; but to be found in its tragicomic musings about literature and life. Ionesco first reveals himself as a critical relativist. Even as he is lambasting the poetry of Arghezi, he remarks that he might well decide one day to argue the opposite case. Whenever I engage in a polemic, he suggests, an inner voice tells me that the other side is right. He illustrates this ambivalence very spiritedly by taking the first novel of his friend, the future historian of religion, Mircea Eliade, and writing

along with it. Ionesco intimates more than once that he should be seen as a follower of the nineteenth-century *jurnalists* movement, which advocated continual self-criticism if Romania was to develop towards civilization, and which itself gained some political power in its day. His negative attitude towards established Romanian literature is usually based on references to the literary values of Proust or Valéry. Similarly, his approach to literature only seems anarchical: in fact it displays an intuitive and effective use of what we would now call deconstruction or reception theory.

Finally, there are scattered but often memorable comments here on metaphysical alienation and on loneliness, on the impossibility of authentic self-expression in language, or the limits of morality, and in particular on the way in which the poetic, the absurd, and the nothingness not with a discourse, but with a scream or an astonished glance, the twenty-one-year-old Ionesco admonishes his readers. These are the views and perceptions that were to become the mainstay of his oeuvre and can be much better understood after reading *Non*.

Virgil Nemoianu

EUGENE IONESCO
Non
Edited and translated by Marie-France Ionesco
308pp. Paris: Gallimard. 120fr.
2070706753

Along the way there are many delightful things in *Non*: portraits of literati and instructions to the ambitious literary beginner, in the ironic vein of an eighteenth-century essay; as when Ionesco proclaims his competence at provoking scandals, or when he favourably compares his own talent, rhythm and verve as a writer to a rival's lack of coherence and plodding style. (Marie-France Ionesco's translation here catches very well the scapegrace charm and self-deprecatory posturing of sensibility and intelligence that had not yet found their vehicle.)

Not that *Non* is always self-indulgent and whimsical. Ionesco intimates more than once that he should be seen as a follower of the nineteenth-century *jurnalists* movement, which advocated continual self-criticism if Romania was to develop towards civilization, and which itself gained some political power in its day. His negative attitude towards established Romanian literature is usually based on references to the literary values of Proust or Valéry. Similarly, his approach to literature only seems anarchical: in fact it displays an intuitive and effective use of what we would now call deconstruction or reception theory.

Finally, there are scattered but often memorable comments here on metaphysical alienation and on loneliness, on the impossibility of authentic self-expression in language, or the limits of morality, and in particular on the way in which the poetic, the absurd, and the nothingness not with a discourse, but with a scream or an astonished glance, the twenty-one-year-old Ionesco admonishes his readers. These are the views and perceptions that were to become the mainstay of his oeuvre and can be much better understood after reading *Non*.

Tradeoffs

by Edward Wenk, Jr.

Imperatives of

Choice in a

High-Tech

World

Edward Wenk, the first science advisor to Congress and a science advisor to three Presidents; argues that informed citizens should make the technological choices that will shape their futures.
£15.70

"For responsible decision makers, *Tradeoffs* is a treasury of profound visions about the conflicting world we live in."—Jacques-Yves Cousteau

"Wenk... is well qualified to write on a paramount issue in today's world—the overwhelming effects of science and technology. His new book, *Tradeoffs*, covers in a masterful way their historical background, present status, and future potential, (and) includes penetrating discussions of the choices we must make."—Glenn T. Seaborg, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and Nobel Prize Winner

"Highly readable and very insightful. . . . His holistic view is refreshing and timely."—Ernest F. Hollings, U.S. Senator

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS
333 North Charles Street, Baltimore, MD 21205, U.S.A.

The great oppositionist

Sunil Khilnani

RAGHAVAN IYER (Editor)
The Moral and Political Writings of Mahatma Gandhi
Volume Two: Truth and Non-Violence
678pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £50.
0198247559
B. R. NANDA
Gandhi and his Critics
178pp. Delhi: Oxford University Press. £9.95.
0195617223

Mahatma Gandhi is the great ornament on the scarred face of modern Indian politics. He represents everything that they are not. He believed that independent India might be a non-violent, moral and tolerant community, yet four decades after partition and independence the Indian polity is marked by violence, corruption and chauvinism. But political government in India today can scarcely claim moral authority – what legitimacy it possesses derives from a sentimental attachment to the past combined with a nervous anxiety about the future. Does Gandhi hold a more than ceremonial value for India today?

National politics there since independence have been constituted and dominated by two crucial elements: the languages of liberalism (inherited from the colonial past) and socialism (inspired by the Soviet model). Gandhi refused both of these languages, which he associated with the westernized, middle-class intelligentsia and the Brahmanic elites, and instead adopted a mode of thought and action which he hoped would overturn both these hegemonies. Ashis Nandy, in his remarkable studies on the psychology of colonialism, has shown how many of the leaders of nationalist and social reform movements in modern India were deeply embarrassed by what they considered backward, incoherent and unmanly components of their cultures. Some – Rammohun Roy, metaphysics (along the lines of Christian theology); others – Sardar Patel, Nehru – simply borrowed political models from elsewhere.

Gandhi suffered no such embarrassment: on the contrary, he saw the strength and virtue of Indian culture as founded precisely on its weak and feminine qualities. His great innovation was to abandon the notion of an intellectual vanguard which would lead India to freedom, and to appeal directly to the non-Brahmanic, illiterate and peasant cultures. Within a tradition which viewed it as the domain of high culture, Gandhi demystified politics and made it public, thus providing an arena in which nationalist and social reform movements could for the first time fuse together.

The peculiar character of his moral and political thought is incomprehensible unless we recognize just what an aberration he was in the context of Indian politics. The central historical texts of Indian statecraft, the *Mahabharata* and the *Arthashastra*, hardly propose a self-sacrificing or spiritual view of politics; indeed, the *Arthashastra* encourages a decidedly Machiavellian mode of conduct. "Politics are not for *sadhus* [holy men]," Tilak advised Gandhi in 1918, but Gandhi insisted on seeing them as an extension of personal morality. Morality in turn was secured by disciplining the individual will, primarily through vows of self-denial. Hence the importance he attached to the political fast: it instanced most clearly how mastery of individual appetite could translate into political action. Against the tradition, and against politicians like Tilak, Gandhi was shrewd enough to realize that a strict personal morality actually made credible rather than hindered political negotiation and compromise. In this sense, he was perhaps more a tactician than a political thinker, a master of oppositional politics; it is difficult, after all, to imagine a Gandhian politics of government. Even in the final decade of his life, he still acknowledged that "I cannot say in advance what the government based wholly on non-violence will be like".

Despite a deceptively pellucid style, Gandhi is an extremely complex thinker to assess. His *Collected Works*, published by the Government of India, is a monumental task of combing through these

ninety volumes, to produce a three-volume edition of the "essential writings". The volume under review collects together speeches, articles and correspondence, and is intended to present the core of Gandhi's moral thought, his "creed" of *Ahimsa* (non-violence) and *Satya* (truth). It is a pity that Iyer has relied on the official translations and versions of the *Collected Works* (almost half of the material in this collection first appeared in Gujarati or Hindi), since I suspect that new translations might reveal emphases of Gandhi's thought and reasoning which are there obscured. Nevertheless, Iyer's edition is bound to become an indispensable reference guide.

The chief fault of the volume is Iyer's introduction, which lacks any sense of the historical and intellectual context of Gandhi's thought, preferring instead to indulge in portentous mysticism. Gandhi was an eclectic and idiosyncratic thinker, sensitive to his audience and to the power of rhetorical persuasion. There is a mischievous quality to his thought, and he often chose to present himself as a Fool, a jester who used mockery and pointed wit for subversive ends. Iyer's reverential attitude occludes the subtler side of Gandhi's thought, and produces such unhelpful observations as that "The political strength which *ahimsa* can summon is greater and profounder than the impact of violence precisely because *ahimsa* is consubstantial with the immortal soul."

Gandhi invited and enjoyed discussion of his thoughts and actions, and since his death he has been the subject of divergent and often critical interpretations. A systematic study of these would be very welcome. B. R. Nanda's book promises to provide one, but unfortunately what results is more like hagiography. Nanda is a historian and a biographer of Gandhi, and the pieces collected together in this slim volume are knowledgeable and competently written. However, they have an occasional air about them and rely too often on suggestion rather than sustained argument. One of the book's intentions is to demonstrate that Gandhi's thought is not a mere collection of determined attention to the realities and possibilities of modern Indian politics just might.

The pacific periphery

Martin Ceadel

MARTIN GREEN
The Origins of Nonviolence: Tolstoy and Gandhi in their historical settings
256pp. Pennsylvania State University Press.
£27.50.
0271 004398

Most people believe that we must at times choose between going to war and submitting to injustice. One of the few ways of avoiding this painful choice has been offered by the theory of non-violence, which asserts, at least in its earliest and boldest form, that aggression and oppression can be prevented or neutralized without resort to violence. It claims, in other words, that peace with honour can always be right but also politically effective.

It is not surprising, therefore, that, when first formulated by Mohandas K. Gandhi, who built on a foundation provided by the later writings of Lev Tolstoy, this theory rapidly gained an enthusiastic following. But Hitler was soon to demonstrate that it rested on an assumption of human reasonableness which could not be taken for granted; and the theory lost support during the Second World War. Those who have proclaimed the merits of non-violence since 1945 have generally espoused the theory in a much watered-down form. They have tended to imply only that it can work in domestic politics – for example, to help win civil rights for black Americans. And, on the few occasions when they have claimed it to be efficacious in international relations, too, they have lowered their expectations dramatically compared with the early 1930s. Sometimes they have given the impression that for a group of people simply to practise non-violence means the abolition of success, even if they

thereby fail to deter, drive out or win over the invader – hence the assertion by a leading theorist of non-violence that the Danes resisted Hitler "effectively" and "successfully". At other times their claim that non-violence "works" is no more than the claim that modern war is the greatest evil. Whatever the merits of this argument in the nuclear era, it does not claim that non-violence can avert injustice: it asserts instead that no policy can "work" in the sense of ensuring both justice and peace and that it is therefore rational to prefer the latter to the former on the grounds that it is the lesser evil. It is notable too that radicals in search of a practical alternative to orthodox defence policy have tended recently to give less attention to non-violence and more to arming a popular militia with the latest precision-guided munitions.

Martin Green seems to accept that non-violence is a theory which has fallen into disrepute but deserves reconsideration. He argues that, since we "all now stand at a crossroads" and almost "on the edge of a precipice", we "should at least take this last chance to pay tribute to the two men who could have saved us". Tolstoy and Gandhi, the inventors of "the modern version of nonviolence". Yet Green does not subscribe to the great-men view of history: indeed, according to his blurb, which makes the argument somewhat clearer, the book does. It was "world-historical forces, acting on the periphery of the modern world – in Russia in the nineteenth century and India in the twentieth century – which developed the idea of nonviolence in Tolstoy and then in Gandhi".

Green thus organizes his book so as to focus in each chapter upon a "convergence" between the situations in which Tolstoy (1828-1910) and Gandhi (1869-1948) successively found themselves, albeit at a remove of forty years, and which help to explain their respective

non-violence. He stresses that both were "citizens of great empires, but believers in radical religion"; that both were initially fascinated by their society's metropolitan culture, and, in so far as they were then reformers, accepted the need for modernization on a Western model; and that both came eventually to reject their society's caste system but also to have a greater respect than formerly for its particular "cultural-spiritual tradition". Green also compares each man not only to his professional equals, rivals and disciples, but also to the leading revolutionary of his time – Marx for Tolstoy and Lenin for Gandhi – on the grounds that they provide a "contrastive context" in which the distinctive features of non-violent revolutionism stand out more clearly.

How sympathetic the reader ultimately is, however, may depend on his or her disciplinary bias. Green is a professor of English (at Tufts University) and it is possible that those with a literary background will respond most favourably to such statements as: "a central focus of Tolstoy's interest in [1855-62] is what we can call 'consciousness', and St. Petersburg was a city of consciousness"; or that Tolstoy's "failure to develop his intriguing hints about the sociology of non-violence into a systematic account, or to locate Tolstoy's thinking in the wider context of anarchist thought. And those whose major interest is in the theory of non-violence itself will be disappointed by how little Green actually says about it, particularly the major differences between Tolstoy's and Gandhi's conceptions of it. All readers will be impressed, however, both by the author's intellectual self-confidence and by the information he has amassed about Tolstoy's and Gandhi's minor contentions, even if the former makes the book noticeably idiosyncratic and the latter makes it somewhat little indigestible in places.

Magnanimous magnate

T. Raychaudhuri

ALAN ROSS
The Emissary: G. D. Birla, Gandhi and Independence
240pp. Collins Harvill. £14.
0002720671

The emissary of the title is the Indian industrial and commercial magnate, Ghanashyamdas Birla, a personal friend of Mahatma Gandhi and a major source of funds for the Indian National Congress during its years of confrontation with the Raj. This unusual person, who died at the age of eighty-nine in 1983, was on very friendly terms with successive British Vicereroys and Secretaries of State. He also had the good fortune, probably unique in the annals of Anglo-Indian relations, to discuss with Winston Churchill the prospects for the constitutional progress in India which would eventually lead to independence. Churchill, then the leader of the die-hards, was exceptionally pleasant, expressed his wish to meet the naked fakir, "wore a workman's apron which he did not change at lunch" and politely suggested that Indians might play "God Save The King" together with their own national anthem. The object of this particular exercise, as of other similar efforts Birla made to meet the leading personalities in British public life, was to establish personal contact which, in his opinion, was the ultimate panacea for all the ills which encumbered Indo-British relations. He never lost this touching faith, though his efforts to interpret Bapu to the British and vice versa appear to have been terribly frustrating.

His exercise in what Alan Ross has chosen to call "alternative" history, based for the most part on the published volumes of the Birla-Gandhi correspondence, the transfer-of-power documents and a number of well-known monographs, does not add a great deal to our knowledge of the history of the period by way of new insights or analysis. But it does add a new dimension to our insight into the personality of Gandhi and the men and events of his time precisely because Mr Ross has none of the hang-ups of the professional historian dealing with the period. He is not identifiably pro or anti-colonial and does not subscribe to any particular interpretation of nationalism. His treatment of Gandhi never glosses over the idiosyncrasies, ambiguities and even duplicities of that leader's political style. At the same time Ross almost appears to agree with Gandhi's rejoinder to Samuel Hoare's expression of pride in England's work in India: "You may be proud, although there is no reason to be proud of anything, but you should also be ashamed of the atrocities and injustice your race has imposed on the Indian people." Gandhi asked Hoare to ponder why he, a "whole-hearted and ardent" admirer of the Raj, had turned against it. Ross displays an intuitive understanding of the frustration and anger which partly explain the transformation – Gandhi's own as well as that of politicized Indians.

In reply to a journalist, Gandhi stated that the Congress "unfortunately" depended on financial support from industrialists. The connection, in the opinion of some, was a source of unwholesome influence. Ross argues, quite convincingly, that there was no "deal" between Gandhi and Birla. The latter's conversion to nationalism, which on one occasion necessitated his going underground for some months, predated his first encounter with Gandhi. His eagerness for a settlement with the British never diminished his commitment to the nationalist cause. But nationalism, unmistakably, was for him the ideology of his class. Capitalists, he wrote to Tata, could not fight communism or subversive trade unions in India on their own; one had to work for a national government to achieve those ends. His social ideology appears to have derived from his two identities – the philanthropic *bahadur* and the forward-looking capitalist. He not only endowed educational institutions but, having made in his own life the transition from speculative trade to industrial enterprise, worked for the industrialization of India – and not merely with an eye on profits. In India's mixed economy, G. D. Birla was a power for the good.

Exaggerated reports

Barry Coward

J. C. DAVIS
Fear, Myth and History: The Ranters and the historians
208pp. Cambridge University Press. £22.50.
0521 262437

"There was no Ranter movement, no Ranter sect, no Ranter theology", asserts J. C. Davis, brushing dramatically aside the work of the historians, such as Barry Reay and J. F. McGregor, who have built on the conclusions of A. L. Morton's *The World of the Ranters: Religious radicalism in the English Revolution* (1970) to show to everyone's satisfaction (until now) that the Ranters not only existed but were an important part of a radical religious wave in the early 1650s that sought to overthrow established values and "respectable" beliefs. Professor Davis disagrees with these historians, but his prime targets are the pamphleteers and gutter journalists of the 1650s whose accounts are one of the main sources of evidence for Ranter activities, and Christopher Hill, whose *The World Turned Upside Down: Radical ideas during the English Revolution* (1975) has been mainly responsible for the widespread acceptance of the importance of the Ranters. According to Davis, seventeenth-century writers and twentieth-century historians have created, for different reasons, a myth – the Ranter movement – that had no basis in reality.

How valid are the arguments he develops to substantiate this radical claim? He is certainly right to point out that some of the sources used to re-create the world of the Ranters tell us more about contemporary perceptions than about what actually happened in the 1650s. In the best parts of the book (Chapters Four and

Five) Davis examines accounts of the Ranters by sensational journalists in the 1650s (extracts are printed in a lengthy appendix) and argues convincingly that much of what they say is a reflection of contemporary fears and anxieties. In the wake of the execution of the King, the abolition of the House of Lords and the establishment of a republic in 1649, many people believed that the traditional social order was also on the point of disintegration. In this volatile climate rumours fuelled by fear took on lives of their own. What is more, there were people willing to exploit these fears for their own advantage, like the leaders of religious sects who used the image of a group of subversive religious extremists to frighten their followers into conformity.

Davis shows clearly that contemporaries exaggerated the Ranter phenomenon; he is also on strong ground when he argues that it is

necessary to read the writings of the Ranters objectively and with a proper regard for the historical context in which they were written. Thus, in discussing "the Ranter core" – the works of Jacob Bauthumley, Abiezer Coppe and Lawrence Clarkson, and the anonymous *A Justification of the Mad Crew* – he brings out the differences between them. What is especially interesting is that the most famous piece of evidence, Clarkson's autobiography, *The Lost Sheep Found*, was written at a time (the later 1650s) when Clarkson was a contender for the leadership of the Muggletonians and so had strong reasons to want to blacken the reputations of those religious groups with which he had associated nearly ten years previously.

It is possible, therefore, to go a certain way along the revisionist road with Davis. The Ranters were not as influential or popular as some have made them out to be. That much fits with



A detail from a late seventeenth-century political broadsheet, in which the Whigs are portrayed as heretics to the rebellious Puritans of the 1640s and 50s; it is taken from Stuart England, edited by Blair Worden (272pp. Phaidon. £25. 07148 2391 0).

Shifts in a shire

Claire Cross

DIARMAID MACCULLOCH
Suffolk and the Tudors: Politics and religion in an English county 1500-1600
454pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £35.
0198229143

Partly through demographic accident, partly through the withdrawal of royal favour, Suffolk in the course of the sixteenth century lost its great magnates, the Earl of Oxford, the Duke of Suffolk and the Duke of Norfolk, to emerge well before the death of Elizabeth as a county dominated by substantial country gentlemen. In this minutely documented yet constantly absorbing study Diarmaid MacCulloch both describes and analyses this transformation.

In some respects the change in the nature of the county's government is the easiest to explain. The leading gentlemen automatically filled the power vacuum left by the disappear-

ance of the De Veres, Brandons and Howards, to rule Suffolk in the name of the Crown. The book, however, contains much more than a detailed examination of the administration of the county gentry. Local gentlemen chose to build their houses in sheltered inland valleys, with the result that even by 1600 nearly two-thirds of the Suffolk parishes did not possess a resident gentry family: consequently, in the towns clothiers, merchants and tradesmen, in the countryside yeomen and husbandmen, and to an extent labourers in both environments, stood a chance of having their aims fulfilled. Two East Anglian revolts actually reversed governmental policy and, in one case, overthrew the government itself. In response to the riots of Lavenham clothworkers, abetted by yeomen from the surrounding district, Wolsey dropped the Amicable Grant of 1525. Northumberland in 1549 succeeded in crushing the Bury and Ipswich camps formed during Ket's rebellion, but the resentment this caused played no small part in rallying the commons as well as the gentry to Princess Mary four years

rising in Suffolk three months before the 1569 Rebellion of the Earls, litigation superseded direct action, but some popular pressure was still being exerted during parliamentary elections at the century's close.

Perhaps more decisive than either the move from noble to gentry leadership or the sublimation of popular revolts was the change in the religious character of Suffolk. From being a county in which the inhabitants delighted in the physical representation of the old religion, rebuilding and ornamenting their magnificent parish churches until within months of the Henrician Reformation, parts of Suffolk withdrew the government itself. In response to the riots of Lavenham clothworkers, abetted by yeomen from the surrounding district, Wolsey dropped the Amicable Grant of 1525. Northumberland in 1549 succeeded in crushing the Bury and Ipswich camps formed during Ket's rebellion, but the resentment this caused played no small part in rallying the commons as well as the gentry to Princess Mary four years

the growing evidence of popular conservatism and Anglicanism in the mid-seventeenth century. Nor were they a group of people who agreed with each other in every particular. Indeed, few have argued that this was the case. As Hill himself wrote, "there was no recognised leader or theoretician of the Ranters, and it is extremely doubtful whether there was ever a Ranter organisation". But were the Ranters merely an invention of contemporaries and historians? When Bauthumley, Coppe and Clarkson argued that sin did not exist, or at least had no moral force, were they simply arguing for "a reformation of behaviour" by every individual, ie "doctrinal" antinomianism, and not "the liberation of practical antinomianism"? That these writers advocated individual spiritual revival is not in doubt. But much of what they wrote suggests that they felt that this could not be achieved without bringing about a basic change in society. It is difficult to accept Davis's conclusion that when Clarkson wrote the following he was advocating "a reformation of behaviour only":

Who are the oppressors but the Nobility and Gentry; and who are the oppressed, if not the Yeoman, the Farmer, the Tradesman and the Labourer? Then consider, have you not chosen oppressors to redeem you from oppression? . . . your slavery is their liberty, your poverty is their prosperity; yea, in brief, your honouring of them, dishonoureth the community . . . unless those that are lorded by you:

"The Ranters" is a label that can be used to describe, not a clearly defined sect in the way that some contemporaries used it, but a small number of people whose antinomian beliefs were the antithesis of conventional moral ideas, which led them to attack many of the assumptions on which English society in the seventeenth century was based. J. C. Davis has written a lively and exciting book, but in his determination to attack Christopher Hill he has carried revisionism too far.

Party salad days

Mark Goldie

GEOFFREY HOLMES
Politics, Religion and Society in England, 1679-1742
367pp. Hambledon. £24.
0907628753

Geoffrey Holmes is the doyen of historians of Augustan England, and it is a pleasure to see published, as *Politics, Religion and Society in England, 1679-1742*, a collection of twelve essays by him, written between 1962 and 1982. All his articles are massively researched, deeply considered and finely tuned, and in recent years he has contributed as much to social as to political history. Accordingly, Part One of this volume focuses on politics, and Part Two on social structure and religious ideology.

Holmes has called the years between 1679 and 1722 "the first age of party". They saw an

unprecedented seventeen general elections, a volatile electorate and intense confessional fissures. His inaugural lecture (1976) considered the "electorate and the national will", while his *Historical Association* pamphlet (1975) explored the role of religion. These were "destabilizing" elements in political life. In "The Achievement of Stability" (1981) he turned to the economic and social trends which provided "an underlying stability . . . which helped to confine the fury of party conflict".

Politics and social history converge in paradoxical ways in his examination of Gregory King's famous table of social structure drawn up in 1696. Holmes showed how shaky King's evidence was and how his judgment was influenced by his Tory thinking; his findings badly disrupted a cherished shibboleth. The remaining essays deal with more particular issues and personalities, especially during Sir Robert Harley's ascendancy. This fine collection will be indispensable for the teaching and understanding of Augustan England.

Christianity and the World Religions

Hans Küng

Hans Küng gives a Christian response to three of the major world religions – Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism.

'Magnum opus – it constitutes a rich education in a field which must concern every seriously thinking Christian.'

Church Times
'Probably Hans Küng's finest work.'

Guardian

Collins

£20.00

What is an ix?

Kenneth Dover

MALCOLM DAVIES and JEYARANEY KATHIRITHAMBY
Greek Insects
227pp. Duckworth. £24.
07156 2086 X

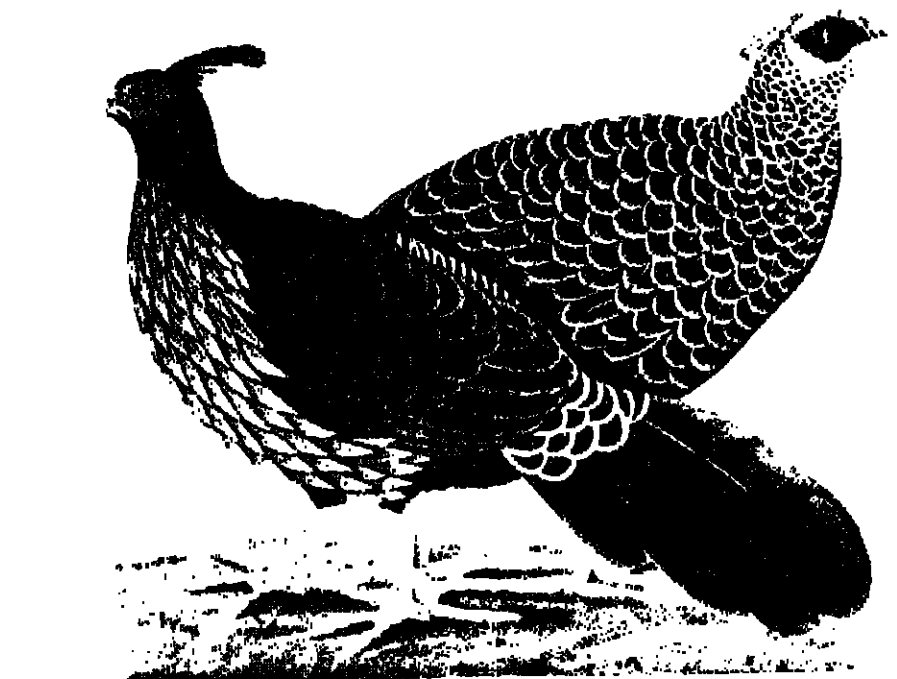
When I read the first draft of the late Maurice Platnauer's commentary on Aristophanes' *Peace*, I saw that he made heavy weather of a line about a dung-beetle, and I reminded him that a beetle's jaws move in a horizontal, not a vertical, plane. He said, "How on earth do you know?" I could only reply, "By noticing beetles" (and I was tempted to add, "on earth"). Most Ancient Greek children will have had more and better opportunities than I to notice the appearance, movement and obtrusive behaviour of large, beautiful, noisy or injurious insects, and to chase and catch those which it is practicable and safe to catch. Opinions on insect behaviour which is unobtrusive—that is to say, practically all of it—are quite a different matter. To have a chance of being right, they demand scientific curiosity, with enough patience and ingenuity to devise simple experiments. Not many people, in ancient Greece or anywhere else, are well endowed with scientific curiosity, though the parody of Socratic studies in Aristophanes' *Clouds* 143-68 shows that some intellectuals somewhere were by that time asking worthwhile questions about insects. Few people respected the study of humble creatures whose normal fate is to be squashed underfoot and whose life-style (with the honourable exception of bees and ants) is, by the standards of the *polis*, rather sordid. When being right matters less than exciting wonder or satisfying people's sense of fitness, folklore moves in, nourished by myth, false analogy and untenable preconception.

Greek Insects, by Malcolm Davies and Jeyaraney Kathirithamby, the admirable pro-densely packed but lucid and elegant encyclopedia of the subject, divided by entomological orders and within each order by Greek names for insects. Students of Greek literature who are unredeemed intentionalists may turn to the book first for identifications; we want to know what ingredients of a poet's own experience of the real world determined what went on in his mind when he spoke of a *telix* or an *akris*. As a rule, our quest for identification will be disappointed, but that is not the authors' fault. They rightly point out that many standard and long-respected identifications "are perfectly arbitrary and based on no ancient evidence at all"; and when the ancient evidence seems impressively precise, it may be found that distinctive attributes of one species have been combined with equally distinctive

attributes of another (for instance, *bonibukion*). All in all, the authors are doing well if they can say something as positive as "some sort of tree-wasp". Occasionally I could wish them a little bolder, on the wood-beetle *karant(h)os*, for example (the word also means "crayfish"); and I wonder if *sp(h)andule* may not be *Ocyrops olens*, which looks like a spinal column (*sphondulos* = "vertebra") and responds to a threat by emitting a frightful smell. Some creatures may not be insects at all. Alcman's *ix* was long thought to be an insect injurious to vine-buds, but now it seems that an ancient commentator on Alcman thought it was a bird. Historical changes of meaning complicate the issue: Italian *bruco*, "caterpillar", is derived from Greek *br(o)uk(h)ios*, Latin *bruc(h)us*, interpreted by ancient lexicographers as a kind of grasshopper or locust, a good example of classification by function and not form. Even English terminology has its uncertainties. Under the rubric "Gnat/Mosquito" the authors say, "Both English words were used of what we call mosquitoes until c. 1900". I fear they still are; do not most of us say "mosquito" in contexts which have to do with its biting and "gnat" in other contexts? We do not sleep under gnat-nets, nor do Pharisees strain at a mosquito.

The book makes good use of the etymological studies of Gil Fernandez on Greek names for insects, and it is rich in its documentation of the role of insects in cult, myth, folklore, fables, proverbs, general unscientific beliefs and (consequent on all the preceding) literary images and similes. It is also well illustrated with Greek artists' portrayals of insects, for the most part vivid on gems and scaraboids but sketchy and implausible in vase-painting.

In some cases it would have been helpful if the authors had indicated more clearly whether or not an ancient statement, particularly an Aristotelian statement, is true; for example, is there a beetle toxic to grazing cattle? No book about Greek insects can avoid forming some statements, some of the former implying deliberate observation and some of the latter almost a contempt for observation (how could Aristotle or anyone say that butterflies do not mate or lay eggs when they mate under our very eyes?). The authors, in sympathy with the argument of Simon Byl's *Recherches sur les grands traits biologiques d'Aristote*, are inclined to view Aristotle as "a talented encyclopaedist" who "relies more than is usually allowed on earlier written sources". This would certainly account for the extremely unsystematic distribution of genuine observations and confident but wrong deductions. Aristotle does not seem to have loved insects as Fabre, for example, loved them, but he founded entomology by making them the subject of statements of scientific type.



A late eighteenth or early nineteenth-century Indian drawing of Nepal Kili pheasant, reproduced from Wonders of Creation: Natural history drawings in the British Library by Ray Desmond (248pp. British Library. £23. 07123 00716).

The ancient aviary

John A. C. Greppin

PATRICK F. HOULIHAN with STEVEN H. GOODMAN
The Birds of Ancient Egypt
224pp. Warminster: Aris and Phillips. £28.
085668 2837

This volume, the first to appear in a projected series that will cover the fauna and flora of Egypt from ancient times to the present, identifies through paintings, sculptures, bas-reliefs, and other sources the birds of the earliest dynastic periods of the third millennium BC up to the era of Greco-Roman influence. The book is the first of its kind in historical ornithology for, although we have identified, using literary accounts, the birds of such lands as ancient Greece, Armenia, India and early England, no one has attempted before to reconstruct the ancient aviary of a country through its art. Patrick F. Houlihan has noted species ranging from the ostrich to the sparrow, many swans, geese and ducks, the lapwing, roller and redstart, owls and vultures.

The book is heavily illustrated and gives a solid feel for the antiquities of Egypt, its dynasties and its people, those curiously static figures poised mid-step with one foot ahead of the other. The birds are not so formulaically treated. They may be solitary and undecorated

on a grey stone bas-relief, or be seen in motion, a group of geese rushing in a row, heads and long necks parallel; ducks moving in the water and above them a solitary bird, exploding from its reedy bed; or the wooden statue of a mute swan, pensive but watchful, arrested in perpetual anticipation. Some examples are hardly more than hasty sketches which tell us little; others are elaborately coloured paintings with sufficient character and depth to allow specific identification.

We would expect to find a lot of hawks, for they are frequent in Egyptian myth and tradition. But curiously, and in spite of the great number of representations, they are hard to identify absolutely. Houlihan claims only that he can identify either a lesser kestrel or kestrel. But the so-called Horus Falcon, a deity of the sky whose two eyes are the sun and the moon, evades specific naming, the representations of it being too stylized, too tainted by the imagination. It has devised its own immortality, standing with motionless wings, hood cocked in a permanent stare.

The ancestor of the common chicken is also interesting. It is known as the red jungle fowl and we find the rooster sketched hastily on a piece of pottery, comb high, tail displayed, and hackles raised. The pot dates from the nineteenth dynasty (1307-1196 BC), and teaches us something about the domestication of birds and the arrival of the fowl in Egypt from India, presumably via Mesopotamia. There is little question that it originated in India, for finds from Mohenjo-daro date from the late fourth millennium and the bird still runs wild in the dense tropical forests of the subcontinent. Houlihan suggests that the fowl was first brought to Egypt as a curiosity, a bird in a cage. But we can be sure that it made a deep impression on all who knew it, for in the *Annals* of Tuthmosis III we read of the economic miracle that the Pharaoh had received from Syria: "four birds which lay every day".

Houlihan's identifications are not always cautious enough and serious readers will have cause to question some of them. The diver of loon (*Gavia species*) is a good example. Houlihan says he has found one, carved on a mortuary temple during the reign of Tuthmosis III, yet no diver is known today so far south as Egypt; no bones have been found, and many would think, as I do, that the bird in the bas-relief looks more like a grebe, either an immature individual or a female outside the breeding season, or a male with off-season plumage.

Patrick Houlihan claims also to have representations of house sparrows. The birds—there are two of them—are bustling about in a syncrude tree, heads bent forward inquisitively. But alas they have white heads, black necks, white rumps and their wing markings run from left to right instead of front to back. This is no known bird, and is surely the work of an artist more gifted in impressionism than in realism. But this is a lovely book, with excellent photographs and sections on ornithological discussion.

Wrong for the wrong reasons

Joanna Motion

JAMES ALDRIDGE
The True Story of Spit MacPhee
189pp. Viking Kestrel. £6.95.
0670812137

The untrue story of Spit MacPhee is one that emerges in a court gathered to settle his future; one presenting him as a grubby vagabond orphan, whose exchanges with his dangerously mad grandfather consist of mutual bellowing and banging. People who take this line also tend to believe that Spit—for his own good, naturally—should be tidied up, disciplined and sorted out by dispatch to the Boys' Home in Bendigo. There is some basis for their version of him. Spit and his watchmaker grandfather, who is ill and sometimes deranged by pain, live in a house built out of an old boiler on the banks of the little Murray river. There Spit creates for himself an independence based on the river, studying its habits, trapping crayfish and selling Murray cod at local back-doors.

Spit is an Australian relation of Huck Finn, in effect, growing up in a rural town in Victoria

in the 1930s. An eleven-year-old made self-sufficient and unchildlike by the accidental deaths of his parents and his idiosyncratic upbringing, he is honest and likeable in a quite unemotional way. So when, in a fit, his grandfather burns their home to bits and is taken to hospital to die, several neighbours are sorry to see the prospect of the Bendigo Boys' Home approaching. Among them are Sadie Tree, Spit's unexpected, timid friend of his own age, and Sadie's mother Grace, who decides in the end that she must give Spit a home herself by adopting him—despite opposition from her husband, and despite the difference in religion between her family and the boy: the Trees are Catholics; Spit, so far as he can be said to be anything, is a Presbyterian.

Opposing Grace Tree there is also the formidable Betty Arbuckle, as beautiful as she is evangelical. Determined to save Spit for a Protestant Lord and to get his unregenerate bare feet into black boots, she too applies to adopt him. The outdoor action of the first half of the book—the fire, chases across the river in pursuit of a determinedly escaping Spit—gives way to an equally intense courtroom contest. Battling it out over Spit—an unlikely prize—are

Pining among the piners

Elizabeth Barry

ALLAN BAILLIE
Riverman
142pp. Blackie. £6.95.
0216918618

As part of his research for a school project on family history, ten-year-old Brian Walker travels from his home in Sydney to Tasmania and meets Great Uncle Tim, a tiny wizened old man, certainly "a bundle of puzzles", possibly "as mad as a parrot". Tim knows about things

a journey to show him "Walker's Tree" and to recount its place in family's legend.

This brief, present-day prologue sets up a historical perspective which is immediately dispensed with as the reader is plunged into an account of events in Zeehan, Silver City in 1912. Tim takes over the centre of the stage and we are told of the death of his father in a mining accident and of a wild, illicit ride on a

record-breaking steam-train "Mount Lyell Number Three". Such are Tim's despair and despondency, however, that his Uncle Larry decides to take him on a trip up-river with his fellow piners (loggers). The trip is ostensibly to find a waterfall, but we understand that it will help Tim forget his loss and make a man of him.

The main part of the book describes the journey, the smashing, grinding battle with the river and all its hardships, from the dank piners' huts, in which it is up to Tim to light the fire, to Tasmanian tigers. There is enough excitement and real danger in the journey to help Tim grow up but there are additional emotional relationships with Larry, who is a boy in order to hide his own feelings and for his good. At the journey's end there is the discovery and naming of Walker's Tree, a gigantic Huon pine, and a bizarre but moving journey back to civilization when Larry (who has been blinded), carries Tim (who has been lamed) on his back to act as his eyes.

Allan Baillie's way with this somewhat rich

Unsheltered lives

Marion Lomax

RHODRI JONES
A Fine Mess You've Got Us Into!
Illustrated by Tony Kenna
128pp. Dent. £7.95.
0460662425
SUSAN GREGORY
Kill-a-Louse Week and other stories
219pp. Kestrel. Paperback. £4.95.
0670810053

In *A Fine Mess You've Got Us Into*, Rhodri Jones has collected thirteen stories of "comic disasters" by favourite authors both old and new. Since Macmillan released the 1920s *William* titles their popularity has continued and "William at the Garden Party" is a fitting finale for a compilation which spans seventy years. When William is mistaken for a child prodigy and gives a piano recital, there is a lively exposure of cultural snobbery and a typically bizarre plot comes to fruition. Enjoyment overrides the fact that most children no longer inhabit a world of village garden fêtes and "the squire's wife".

In 1987 William has a fiercer, female counterpart. "Private Marmalade" continues the saga of Andrew Davies' televised character, who is outrageously on form here. Harrods astronomically deliver "grenades and rifles" instead of "lemonade and tifle". Marmalade assaults her parents (who look "years younger without any eyebrows") and a painfully optimistic social worker, Wendy Woolley. She joins the army, is promoted to the SAS and storms a base in the Suparich Gulf State Embassy where her parents are negotiating the sale of

Nelson's Column to the Sheikh. A child blithely throwing grenades may disturb adults, who know this can occur outside fantasy, but younger readers will probably relish the humour.

This is not a book for sheltered minds: it confronts unpleasant realities—the suffering of a circus lion (Bill Naughton's sensitive story "A Good Sixpenny's worth"), a dog which is accidentally blown up in Henry Lawson's Australian tale, the plight of an unwanted puppy (Samuel Selvon's story in the Trinidadian dialect) and the vindictiveness of a spoilt child (Helen Cresswell's "Snake in the Grass"). In Timothy Callender's tale from Barbados a boy's belief in Father Christmas is shattered when he tackles his disguised grandfather, but when he tackles his disguised grandfather, Saki's Joan Alken's witch-run kindergarten, Saki's "The Open Window", and Jan Mark's exploration of Chinese Whispers provide a more humorous approach. James Thurber and R.K. Narayan are also represented. There are a few school stories of which Gene Kemp's Sports Day adventure comes closest to the style and appeal of Susan Gregory's book.

Susan Gregory's *Kill-a-Louse Week and other stories* moves from strength to strength through fourteen episodes in the life of Davenport Secondary. Dialogue and character studies are highly effective. The staff are portrayed perceptively and with humour: dictatorial headmasters and corporal punishment are condemned, but there are better and worse teachers as well as pupils. Here you find a teacher coping with questions like "What does 'today' mean, Miss?" Multiracial issues and class differences, shoplifting, the uniform debate, competitive vindictiveness, the beginnings of sexual relationships and relationships

between children of different age groups are all explored. These young people have a community context. Jeanie, the prizewinning poet with her heartfelt "Ode to a Spot", attends an accurately described Community Centre Poetry Workshop; the dance class entertains at an old people's home amid the mutterings of the old folk and the rattle of cups; Dave, the fifth-year hero, helps to integrate a fatherless six-year-old—albeit without sentiment. Various personal battles are overcome by characters who are soon familiar—Purnina, the fifth-form misfit and Abdul of the frightening teeth, who triumphs with the help of CB radio.

Susan Gregory can, in turn, be hilarious and serious; but above all, she is progressive. The final song of the school's pop group, Dominant Jean and the DNAs, is a stirring rallying cry against sexism: *Girls don't choose to bring up babies / Girls don't choose to fight in wars / They sell us on it when we're little / Well, we shall make up OUR OWN LAWS!* *Contemporary Stories*, edited by Nick Jones (150pp. Oxford University Press. Paperback £2.95. 0 19 831251 2) is a collection of fourteen short stories by contemporary authors intended for young readers. All have been published in the past twenty years and all are by writers who, with the exception of Gabriel Garcia Marquez, generally write in English, though none of them were born in England. Anita Desai, Bernard MacLaverty, Alice Munro write about childhood and growing up in their own countries. Farrukh Dhondy contributes a low-key but frightening account of an attack on a Mackay council estate by "Keep Britain White" supporters.

Become a new subscriber to the TLS, or give a subscription to a friend, and take advantage of our special offer:

THE 62 WEEK YEAR

Rates (including postage):
UK £45, Europe (Bulk Air Mail) £66
USA and Canada (Air Freight) US\$75.
Rest of the World (Surface Mail) £60.
(Air Mail) £75

Please send the TLS for a year and ten weeks to:

Name

Address

☐ This is a gift order (for gift orders charged to credit cards, we must have sender's, as well as recipient's, name and address clearly marked).

I enclose my cheque for £/\$

Please charge my credit card £/\$

*Made payable to
The Times Supplements.

(Please tick) ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Card number

Expiry date

Signed

Send this coupon with your cheque or credit card number to:

Linda Bartlett,
The Times Literary Supplement,
Priory House,
St. John's Lane,
London EC1M 4BX.

Offer closes on March 31 1987. (62W)

The most successful animals

Mark Ridley

CHRISTOPHER O'TOOLE (Editor)
The Encyclopedia of Insects
152pp. Allen and Unwin. £15.
004 500387

Almost a million species of insects have been so far described and perhaps twice that number await description if they are not driven to extinction first. About 50-60 per cent of all living species, and over 90 per cent of terrestrial animal species, are insects. They do not abound only in speciesity, but also in numbers and mass. But the dramatic illustrations of this in *The Encyclopedia of Insects* are not always consistent. Here, for instance, we learn (in the preface) that "the ants and termites in the Amazon Basin account for one-third of the region's biomass + and that includes tapirs, capybaras, and people too"; this can be compared with "in tropical South America the biomass of ants, together with termites, exceeds that of all other animals put together, including capybaras, tapirs, and people!" But, give or take a factor of two, the general point is clear—there are an awful lot of insects.

In a clear introductory essay, Pat Williams suggests that the reason why there are so many

is that "they have an external skeleton or 'cuticle'.... Most of the special adaptations and devices of the group stem from this basic characteristic". One such set of special adaptations is in colour patterns, and this encyclopedia can illustrate it well in its generous selection of excellent colour photographs. Bright patterns—of warning coloration, mimicry and camouflage—are all superbly illustrated. The Victorian naturalist of the River Amazon (and discoverer of mimicry in insects), Henry Bates, could only lament that "no description can convey an adequate notion of the beauty and diversity in form of the class of insects", but colour photographs do go a long way. Here, for instance, are "toxic" beetles, frighteningly coloured in black and yellow; they contain cantharidin, which upsets (not stimulates) the urogenital system. Mimicry is illustrated by, among other things, a revolting cockroach, which is actually harmless but "mimics the colour pattern of noxious beetles of the family Lycidae". It is shaped like a long shield, coloured in black and brown longitudinal stripes and with a bright yellow line to exaggerate its shoulders. There are also several fine pictorial studies of camouflage. The cover bears a striking pink mimic, with green spots and yellow eyes, in a setting on a daisy-like coloured flower.

Other aspects of the life of insects are less easily caught in camera. However, there are several species—of dung flies, scorpion flies and butterflies—photographically reproduced in media rebus. On one page is a horrid "assassin bug", with a fly impaled on its dagger-mouthparts; and on another is a mosquito, with its mouthparts pierced into human flesh, and its abdomen transparently gorged with blood. Mosquitoes are just one of the insect pests. They spread malaria; but ticks spread sleeping sickness; bugs chagras disease, and fleas the plague. Other species destroy crops. Phylloxera (a close relative of aphids) once wrecked the vines of Bordeaux; and "in 1957 a swarm of desert locusts destroyed 167,000 tons of grain crop, enough to feed 1 million people for a year". TLS readers will be concerned by females, which destroy books, by silverfish and by book-lice which eat paper.

This is only a sample of the insects that can be read about and seen in the encyclopedia. The text is clearly written for non-experts by an expert panel of entomologists. Within the confines of its unnecessarily restrictive external accuracy and attractive introduction, to the most important group of animals in the world.

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS.

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seek to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. Publishers are asked to ensure that they let us have all the necessary information, including price and publication date.

Anthropology

Bruce, Ian Harold. *The Mexican Pet: More "new" urban legends and some old favorites*. Norton, UK dist. Wiley. 22pp. £11.95. 0 393 02324 9. Dunsford, Lewis. *Essays on Individualism: Modern Ideology in anthropological perspective*. Chicago UP. 28pp. £23.50. 0 226 16956 1. Gellner, Ernest. *The Concept of Kinship and Other Essays on Anthropological Method and Explanation* (1st pub. in UK 1973). Oxford: Blackwell. 22pp. £7.50 (paperback). 0 631 15287 3. 12/2/87.

Archaeology

Thurst, H. R. Gloucester Archaeological Reports, vol. 2: Gloucester: The Roman and later defences. Gloucester Archaeological Publications, dist. by Oxbow Books, 10 St. Cross Road, Oxford OX1 3TU. 150pp., illus. £17.95 (paperback). 0 948386 01 0.

Architecture

Achilles, Rolf, Kevin Harrington and Charlotte Myhrum, editors. *Mies van der Rohe: Architect as educator: Catalogue for the exhibition*. Chicago: Mies van der Rohe Centennial Project, Illinois Institute of Technology, dist. by Chicago UP. 100pp., illus. £21.25 (paperback). 0 226 31718 8. 8/86. Fletcher, Banister, edited by John Musgrave. *Sir Banister Fletcher's A History of Architecture*, 19th edition. Butterworth. 621pp., illus. £68. 0 406 01587 X. 11/2/87. Tafari, Manfredo, and Francesco Dal Co, translated by Robert Erich Wolf. *Modern Architecture* (History of World Architecture series; 1st pub. in UK 1960). Faber/Milton. 216pp., illus. £12.95 (paperback). 0 571 14576 0. 9/2/87. Tafari, Manfredo, and Francesco Dal Co, translated by Robert Erich Wolf. *Modern Architecture 2* (History of World Architecture series; 1st pub. in UK 1960).

Art

Gascoigne, Bamber. *How to Identify Prints: A complete guide to manual and mechanical processes from woodcut to ink jet*. Thames and Hudson. 208pp., illus. £25. 0 500 23454 X. 10/2/87. Knight, Richard Payne, edited by Claudia Strumpf. *Exhibition on Sicily*. British Museum. 80pp., illus. £10. 0 7141 1627 0. Rubin, Lawrence. *Introduction by Robert Rosenblum*. Frank Stella Paintings 1958 to 1965: A catalogue raisonné (1st pub. in US 1986). Thames and Hudson. 279pp., illus. 0 500 97337 7.

Bibliography

Baer, Florence E. *Folklore and Literature in the British Isles* (Folklore Bibliographies, 2; Reference Library of the Humanities, 622). New York: Garland. 335pp. \$43. 0 8240 8660 0. 2/87. Bradbury, Nicola. *An Annotated Critical Bibliography of Henry James* (Annotated Critical Bibliographies series). Brighton: Harvester. 140pp. £20. 0 7108 1030 X. 15/1/87. Frauboli, Elise, editor. *Fifty-Six Aesthetic Fragments: The newly-found Copenhagen fragments of "Catholic Homilies"*, with facsimiles, vol. 14. Dept. of English, University of Copenhagen, dist. by Copenhagen: Athenaeum Bookshop. 125pp., illus. Dkr. 133 (paperback). 87 88648 12 5.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Danchov, Alex. *Very Special Relationship: Field-Marshal Sir John Dill and the Anglo-American alliance 1941-44*. Brassey's Defence Publishers. 201pp. £19.95/£26. 0 08 031197 0. 10/2/87. Davis, John. *Clairborne The Ordered Web: Essays in resurrection*. Charlotte, NC: Heritage, dist. by Chapters, 1615 Eye Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20006. 216pp. \$23 (hardcover), \$15 (paperback). 3/9/86. Frank, Katherine A. *A Voyager Out: The life of Mary Kingsley* (1st pub. in US 1976). Hamish Hamilton. 335pp. £24.95. 0 241 12074 8. 23/2/87. Kees, Weldon, edited by Robert E. Knell. *Weldon Kees and the Midcentury Generation: Letters, 1935-1955*. Lincoln: Nebraska UP, UK dist. AUPG. 233pp. £16.95. 0 8032 2709 4. 31/1/87. Schneider, Meir. *Self-Healing: My life and vision*. London: Corgi. 198pp. £5.95 (paperback).

Ward, Allen John Keats: *The making of a poet*, revised edition. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 459pp. \$11.95 (paperback). 0 374 53029 1. Youk, Christopher P. *Robert Thorne Coryndon: Proconsular imperialism in southern and eastern Africa, 1897-1925*. Gerald Cross: Smythe. 241pp. £19.50. 0 86140 204 9. 10/2/87.

Business

The Latin America and Caribbean Review: The economic and business report, 8th edition. Saffron Walden: World of Information. 216pp. £25/£35. Drear, Tony, editor. *Computer Controlled Interactive Video: Multi-media authoring systems* (Applied Information Technology Reports Series). Aldershot: Technical Press. 108pp. £45 (paperback). 0 291 39722 0. 12/2/87.

Classics

Clausen, Wendell Virgil. *"Aeneid" and the Tradition of Hellenistic Poetry* (Sather Classical Lectures, vol. 51). California UP. 183pp. £25. 0 520 05791 0. 20/1/87. Sargent, Bernard, translated by Arthur Goldhammer, preface by Georges Dumézil. *Homosexuality in Greek Myth*. Athlone. 344pp. £32. 0 485 11319 8. 22/1/87.

Economics

Goodhart, Charles, David Currie and David T. Llewellyn, editors. *The Operation and Regulation of Financial Markets* (Studies in Monetary Economics series). Macmillan/The Money Study Group. 270pp. £35. 0 333 43562 6. 26/2/87. Miller, Martin H., and Charles W. Upton. *Macroeconomics: A neoclassical introduction* (1st pub. in US 1974). Chicago UP. 367pp. £12.75 (paperback). 0 226 52623 2. Robertson, A. F. *The Dynamics of Productive Relationships: African share contracts in comparative perspective*. Cambridge UP. 321pp. £25/£44.50. 0 521 32834 9. 29/1/87. Stern, Jonathan P. *Soviet Oil and Gas Exports to the West: Commercial transaction or security threat?* (Energy Papers, 21). Aldershot: Gower. 122pp. £19.50 (paperback). 0 506 05124 9. 19/2/87. Cambridge, Ada A. *Marked Man: Some episodes in his life* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1980). Pandora. 347pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 131 5. 12/2/87. Carroll, James. *Supply of Heroes: Heroes and Stagnation*. 385pp. £10.95. 0 340 38822 6. 10/2/87. Hare, Cyril. *Tenant for Death* (1st pub. 1937). Faber. 206pp. £2.95/Cash/£7.95 (paperback). 0 571 13994 9. 9/2/87. Hare, Cyril. *The Wind Blows Death* (1st pub. 1949). Faber. 254pp. £2.95/Cash/£7.95 (paperback). 0 571 13993 7. 9/2/87. Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

History, ancient

Bernal, Martin. *Black Athena: The Afroasiatic roots of classical Greece* 1785-1985. Free Association Books. 375pp. £30 (hardcover), £15 (paperback). 0 946900 35 0 (h.c.). 0 946900 36 9 (pb). 5/3/87. Ellis, J. R. *Philip II and Macedonian Imperialism* (Aspects of Greek and Roman Life series; 1st pub. 1976). Thames and Hudson. 312pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 500 27444 4. 26/1/87. Heston, Martin, and Anthony King, editors. *Pagan Gods and Shrines of the Roman Empire* (Oxford Committee for Archaeology Monograph 8). Oxford Committee for Archaeology, dist. by Oxbow Books, 10 St. Cross Street, Oxford OX1 3TU. 205pp., illus. £25 (paperback). 0 947816 08 9.

Parke, H. W. *Festivals of the Athenians* (Aspects of Greek and Roman Life series; 1st pub. 1977). Thames and Hudson. 200pp., illus. £6.95 (paperback). 0 500 27441 X. 24/1/87. Meckin, Richard, and Christopher Norris, editors. *Post-structuralist Readings of English Poetry*. Cambridge UP. 406pp. £30/£49.50 (hardcover), £10.95/£15.95 (paperback). 0 521 306065 1 (h.c.). 0 521 31383 2 (pb). 29/1/87.

History, medieval

Barker, Juliet R. V. *The Tournament in England, 1100-1400*. Woodbridge: Boydell. 206pp. £25. 0 85115 450 6. 20/1/87. Scott, Tom. *Freiburg and the Breisgau: Town-county relations in the age of reformation and peasant war*. Oxford: Clarendon. 265pp. £27.50. 0 19 82196 2. 1/87. Southern, R. W. *The Making of the Middle Ages* (The Cresset Library; 1st pub. 1953). Century Hutchinson. 263pp. £5.95 (paperback). 0 09 170031 1. 5/2/87. Weinstein, Stanley. *Buddhism Under the Tang* (Studies in Chinese History, Literature and Institutions series). Cambridge UP. 236pp. £25/£44.50. 0 521 25585 6. 29/1/87.

History, modern

Andreyev, Catherine. *Vlasov and the Russian Liberation Movement: Soviet reality and myth theories* (Soviet and East European Studies). Cambridge UP. 251pp. £25/£34.50. 0 521 30545 4. 20/1/87. Bailey, Victor. *Delinquency and Citizenship: Reclaiming the young offender, 1914-1918*. Oxford: Clarendon. 352pp. £30. 0 19 822664 0. 8/1/87. Brodwin, Vera. *Lenin and the Mensheviks: The persecution of socialists under Bolshevism*. Aldershot: Temple Smith/Aldershot: Gower. 211pp. £10.95 (paperback). 0 506 05124 9. 19/2/87. Cambridge, Ada A. *Marked Man: Some episodes in his life* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1980). Pandora. 347pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 131 5. 12/2/87. Carroll, James. *Supply of Heroes: Heroes and Stagnation*. 385pp. £10.95. 0 340 38822 6. 10/2/87. Hare, Cyril. *Tenant for Death* (1st pub. 1937). Faber. 206pp. £2.95/Cash/£7.95 (paperback). 0 571 13994 9. 9/2/87. Hare, Cyril. *The Wind Blows Death* (1st pub. 1949). Faber. 254pp. £2.95/Cash/£7.95 (paperback). 0 571 13993 7. 9/2/87. Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931 7. 2/2/87.

History of science

London, Irvine. *Medical Care and the General Practitioner 1750-1850*. Oxford: Clarendon. 354pp. £30. 0 19 822793 0. 10/1/86.

Humour

Kellor, Garrison. *Happy To Be Here* (1st pub. in US and Canada 1981). Faber. 289pp. £3.95/Aus/£14.95 (paperback). 0 571 14686 1. 9/2/87.

Language

Awde, Nicholas, and Patrice Samson. *The Arabic Alphabet: How to read and write it*. Al Saqi Books, 26 Westbourne Grove, London W2 8HT. 52pp. £8.95 (hardcover), £3.95 (paperback). 0 86356 121 (h.c.). 0 86356 035 0 (pb). 19/2/87.

Law

Capper, Sally. *Starting a Voluntary Group: The legal choices* (An NCVO Practical Guide). Bedford Square Press/National Council for Voluntary Organizations. 18pp. £1.95 (paperback). 0 7199 1190 X. 2/1/87. Shapiro, Martin. *Courts: A comparative and political analysis* (1st pub. 1981). Chicago UP. 245pp. £8.50 (paperback). 0 226 72042 6 (h.c.). 0 226 72043 4 (pb).

Literature and criticism

Barnes, Harry, editor. *Twentieth-Century English Literature*, 2nd edition (Macmillan History of Literature Series). Macmillan. 324pp. £20 (hardcover), £5.95 (paperback). 0 333 42812 2. 3/1/87. Barthelme, Rustin B. *Fairy Tales and Society: Illusion, allusion, and paradigm*. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania UP, UK dist. AUPG. 317pp. £25/£44.50. 0 8122 8021 0. 12/86. Dobrovsky, Serge, translated by Carol Mattingly. *Boys Willing and Fantasy in Froust: La Place de la machine*. Lincoln: Nebraska UP, UK dist. AUPG. 165pp. £16.95. 0 8032 2709 X. 31/1/87. Evans, Mary. *Writing by Numbers: Tolkien's serial fiction*. Cambridge UP. 199pp. £25/£39.50. 0 521 32528 5. 29/1/87. Haywood, Robert, edited by Doreen F. Haywood. *The English Novel: A critical history*. London: Corgi. 280pp. £14.95 (paperback). 0 19 822793 0. 10/1/86.

Hayes, Alfred. *In Love* (Modern Romance Classics; 1st pub. 1953). Owen. 213pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0676 4. Lee, Vernon. *Introduction by J. Peter Willis*. *Supernatural Tales: Excursions into Fantasy*. Owen. 222pp. £10.95. 0 7206 0680 2. Macdonald, Malcolm. *The Silver Highway: Hodder and Stoughton*. 496pp. £10.95. 0 340 37257 5. 10/2/87. Martin, Catherine. *The Incredible Journey* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1923). Pandora. 171pp. £4.95. 0 86358 130 7. 10/2/87. McCutcheon, Philip. *Greeny: A Commander Shaw*. Hodder and Stoughton. 192pp. £5.95. 0 340 40163 1. 10/2/87. McDonald, Gregory. *Flores, Too* (Gollancz Thriller; 1st pub. in US 1986). Gollancz. 230pp. £8.95. 0 575 04028 9. 12/2/87. Freed, Rose. *The Bond of Wedlock* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1987). Pandora. 137pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 128 5. 10/2/87. Freed, Rose. *Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land* (Australian Women Writers series; Pandora Press Fiction; 1st pub. 1915). Pandora. 229pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 86358 129 3. 10/2/87. Stuckes, Marjorie. *Season of the Jew*. Hodder and Stoughton. 384pp. £10.95. 0 340 39931